

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

*The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow*

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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## THE LOST GOLD REEF

See  
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### PETER PAN AND THE C.N.

#### BOTH THE SAME WAY INTO THE WORLD

Most Popular Children's Figure  
and Most Popular Book

#### SIR J. M. BARRIE'S JUBILEE

*It is just fifty years since Sir James Barrie became a journalist in the office of the second oldest newspaper in England, the Nottingham Journal.*

*In due course the Editor of the C.N. became a journalist in the same office, and, as one of those who followed Sir James Barrie in his old office, he has been asked to join the rest of the group in sending Sir James felicitations on his jubilee.*

*As it may interest our readers to know that the C.N. and its companion papers have come from the same cradle as the journalism that led to Peter Pan, we give the Editor's letter as it has appeared in the Nottingham Journal.*

Dear Sir James Barrie,

As one of those who followed in the path you trod just fifty years ago, may I be allowed to join with the friends of our old paper in sending you a word of high esteem and admiration.

You have given a small share in your immortality to the paper on which a long line of journalists have followed you, afar off but not unmoved by the great tradition that you had been before them. If your old journal, our second oldest newspaper, is known throughout the country as one of the best workshops of journalism, the cradle of more good journalists than any other office in the kingdom, it is due not a little to the glow of your name.

Just halfway through the fifty years the Nottingham Journal is remembering today you wrote to me on the birthday of the Children's Encyclopedia that the idea of it was big and fine, and it is a great joy to tell you that its success has been big and fine, there being more copies of it in the world than of any other encyclopedia ever written. Modest as I am, I cannot resist a touch of pride that the journalism which led to Peter Pan and the journalism which led to the Children's Encyclopedia came from the same cradle at Nottingham.

A mighty multitude acclaim you as the creator of a literature unrivalled in our generation; not less sincere is the acclaim of that smaller number who have followed in your steps at Nottingham, have gathered inspiration at your fountain, and live to send you now this warm word of goodwill on the fiftieth anniversary of your arriving in the office you have made famous.

The path of genius, like the path of the Just, is as a shining light, and a shining light your path has been to all who follow you. As a humble struggler in it I lay my admiration at your feet and wish you health rich and overflowing without measure. Yours sincerely,

ARTHUR MEE

### Players and Onlookers



A thrilling incident in a lacrosse game at Kidbrooke



While the players were keeping warm with exercise, three of the spectators found that it was an advantage to be wrapped in old-fashioned riding-hoods

### GOOD NEWS

#### THIS OLD WORLD IS VERY KIND

The Flower-Seller of Ashton  
and the Shabby Old Lady

#### CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS

Truth is stranger than fiction, as every C.N. reader knows, and the happenings of our everyday life are continually turning out to be more surprising than those beginning with the time-honoured words of Once Upon a Time.

One day a flower-seller of Ashton went to Manchester to stock her baskets with the world's most beautiful wares. Her name is Mrs Tetlow, and while she was on her way back to the station she noticed a shabbily-dressed old woman so pathetic-looking that she stopped and took out her well-worn purse.

She felt that it was not possible for her to pass her by, for the poor help the poor, and of all down-and-outs those most to be pitied are the aged.

#### An Unusual-Looking Letter

There were only a shilling and a penny in her purse, but Mrs Tetlow was so touched by the sight of this human derelict that she gave her the shilling. The old woman took this generous gift with grateful thanks.

For several weeks Mrs Tetlow met her during her visits to Manchester, and each time she stopped and gave her a small sum of money, regardless of the fact that, so straitened were her circumstances, she needed every penny she earned.

"Some day your kindness will be well rewarded!" says the fairy in the story books, and these were the exact words the old woman said to the kindly flower-seller.

Whether the old woman had become ill or had left the place she did not know; but for some time Mrs Tetlow did not see her street acquaintance. Then one day she heard news of her in that surprising way which so often happens in real life. The postman brought her an unusual-looking letter. It bore the name of a firm of solicitors in Manchester, and she was asked to call at their office. What could it mean?

#### Wonderful News

When she arrived she was told the wonderful news that a legacy of a hundred pounds had been left her by a certain old lady named Mrs Ann Beresford of Collyhurst, Manchester, who had left most of her fortune of several thousands to charity.

Mrs Beresford was no other than the forlorn and decrepit-looking old woman the Ashton flower-seller had believed to be down-and-out.

We leave it to our readers to imagine the joy of Mrs Tetlow's homecoming that evening, when she told her family (and especially her crippled daughter) the news of their good fortune.



## THE GARDENER'S BOY

### WHO RECEIVED HIS MASTER AT A PALACE

Fine Career of a Lincolnshire Village Lad

### PRIVATE TO FIELD-MARSHAL

The cause of Peace and the history of War have both lost a great figure, for Sir William Robertson, the first British soldier to rise from the rank of Private to that of Field-Marshal has passed away.

His story is one to inspire every boy, for it proves what determination and hard work can do. A great war will often bring a military genius of humble origin to the front, but Robertson had arrived before the Great War, and he was sent to France as Q.M.G. of the Expeditionary Force.

Born in 1860 in the Lincolnshire village of Welbourn, he received only the slight education available at the local school, and went to work as an under-gardener. But he was ambitious to get on and, talking over his prospects one day with his employer, he was told that if he wanted to increase his knowledge and his experience the Army was a very good service in which to do it.

### Dogged, Hard Study

Accordingly William Robertson enlisted as a private in the Lancers at 17. So well did he work that he became a Sergeant-Major at 25, and set to work to qualify for a commission. By dogged, hard study he succeeded, and was sent as a lieutenant to the Dragoon Guards in India. Now if a man wishes to get on in India he must master its languages, and this William Robertson did, with the result that he rose to a high position in the Intelligence Department at Simla. He fought in the Chitral campaign, was severely wounded, and at its close received the D.S.O.

He came home to be the first ranker-officer to enter the Staff College at Camberley, and then he went as Intelligence Officer to Lord Roberts in the South African War.

### Services in the Great War

In July 1910 he was made Commandant of the Staff College, and his pupils say that his teaching and discipline had much to do with the success of our army in France. Kitchener greatly admired him, and chose him as Chief of the Imperial General Staff at the War Office in 1915. When Kitchener died Robertson had the supreme direction of the British military operations on all fronts until the Versailles War Council was set up in 1918.

Sir William Robertson was a hard worker, never sparing himself or his assistants. He had one spare hour, however, during his long task of organising victory, and this is how he used it. *He entertained as his guest at St James's Palace the Lincoln parson who had advised him to leave off working in his garden and seek advancement in the Army. It was a very proud hour for both these men.*

### Our Most Silent General

Always known as Wullie to the soldier, Robertson has been called "our most silent General." He never sought publicity, and scorned flattery and intrigue. The politicians could not understand his single-minded persistence, but there is little doubt that History will give him a high place for the part he took in the winning of the war; and there is no doubt whatever that he will be remembered always as one of the best friends of Peace, for he gave his life after the war to spreading peace and goodwill among men, and was one of the best friends of the League and the League spirit.

The United States Senate has approved a resolution to permit the President to place an embargo on the export of arms.

## HOW PEACE WORKS

### LEAGUE STRAIGHTENS ANOTHER TANGLE

Persian Oil and the Friendliness of Two Nations

### ALL WILL BE WELL

By Our League Correspondent

The Big Stick is out of date. The League of Nations has taken its place and provided a better way.

There were still in 1932 people who talked about using the big stick to Persia when its Government cancelled the contract with the Anglo-Persian Oil Company. They were slightly behind the times. Perhaps they had forgotten the League. But the League happens to exist, and not only to exist but to have built up machinery to deal with such matters in a Twentieth-Century way, and to have first-class men at its disposal who can make the machinery work because they believe in it.

One of these men is Dr Benes, and it was he who was asked by the Council to be a mediator between the two Governments. Accordingly he went first to the one and then to the other of the two delegates, and in a day or two presented his report to the Council.

### The Past to be Past

So, without any fuss, a provisional arrangement was made by which all proceedings before the Council will be suspended until its next session in May, and the Oil Company will immediately enter into negotiations for a new concession, for which the Persian Government has been asking all along. The negotiations for a new contract are to be independent of the legal points of view of the two parties; in other words, the past is to be past, and only if they do not succeed will the matter come again before the League Council.

Though legally the Persian case is weak, there are other considerations which give Persia good cause for her grievance. It is a very open question whether the whole basis of the concession, first granted to a private individual, was not changed when the control of the Company passed to the British Government. Moreover, there is obviously a considerable difference, in the eyes of the Persian Government, as to whether its territory is owned by a private company or by another State. At any rate, thanks to the League machinery and to a League man, the whole question is now on a straight footing and should go forward without more trouble.

### PEACE LOSES ONE OF HER PILLARS

### A Strong Wise Man

Count Albert Apponyi has died in his 88th year after a very short illness at Geneva, where he was attending the meetings of the Special Assembly and the Disarmament Conference.

Someone said of him that he was the sole aristocrat of the Austrian Empire who had been able to divest himself of the ancient scheme of things that ruled the Tsars of Russia and the Emperors of Austria, and to tread his way down the slippery slopes that lead to the plains of Democracy.

Before the war Count Apponyi travelled widely, and had many friends in all countries. His voice was always raised in support of international peace. He spoke well and fluently six or seven languages. After the war he led the Hungarian Peace Delegation to Paris, and at Geneva he rendered magnificent service to the cause of peace and reconciliation, both to his own country and to the League itself. His pleas for moral rights and the redress of wrongs will never be forgotten.

## ONE MORE FRIEND GOES

### Sir Arthur Thomson

### A GREAT EXPLAINER OF THINGS

Finding ourselves passing through Limsfield the other afternoon the thought came that we would knock at the door of Sir Arthur Thomson's house to shake hands once more with him, after far too long a time away. But we passed on without calling, and the Announcer the next day gave out the news that Sir Arthur was no more among us.

So one more old friend goes to where, *Beyond these voices, there is peace.*

He had lived a good and famous life. He had been one of the wisest explainers of scientific things. He was a teacher, and a journalist too, and no man had a greater grip of the themes he made his own, biology and natural history.

### His Ceaseless Themes

He would write about the dawn of life far back in the mists of Time, or about the beauty of the little wren, or the colour in the heart of the rose, or the shimmering gleam on the sunlit sea; or he would write about the wondrous way in which we are made, the astonishing workings of the human mind, or the faith that keeps us going through hard times. Life and its mystery, the incredible wonder of the past, the loveliness of the present, the immense and boundless hope of the future, were his ceaseless themes, and of them he wrote for us in the C.N. and its companion papers for years and years.

The last time we saw him his last word was for a poet in distress, a mutual friend. The poet has gone, and now the professor has gone, but their work lives on and they will not be forgotten.

No man who ever lived had a greater faith in God and in the essential goodness of the Universe than Sir Arthur Thomson. He was a great teacher, a great writer, and a great preacher, and through all his long life he was a great exemplar too. He lived nobly and spent himself generously for the good things he believed in, and his monument is in the minds of millions who never saw him and in the hearts of thousands who knew him and were proud to call him Friend.

## THE CALAMITY IN THE SAAR VALLEY

### Disaster Falls on a Prosperous Town

One of the most terrible disasters which have happened since the war has fallen on the small industrial town of Neunkirchen in the Saar Territory.

Darkness had only just descended when two terrifying explosions rent the air, causing the majority of the 40,000 inhabitants to fly to the fields.

A gasholder holding 125,000 cubic metres of gas, said to be the third largest in Germany, exploded and set light to a benzene factory. Another explosion followed and burning oil and gas added to the horror.

Houses were crumpled up like match-wood and hardly a pane of glass in the whole town survived the concussion. Nearly a hundred people were killed and hundreds more injured. Every car and ambulance in the Saar was quickly at work rescuing the injured.

This town is in the area governed by a Commission appointed by the League of Nations and the whole of the gendarmerie were called out to deal with the terrible emergency.

The President of France and President Hindenburg led the way in contributing to the relief funds, which will have to reach a large total if the enormous losses of the inhabitants of the devastated town are to be adequately met.

## A GREAT EVENT OUR MINERS MAY LOOK FORWARD

### Admiralty Orders Oil Distilled From Coal

### WHAT IT MAY MEAN

It is the engineer and scientist far more than the statesman or politician who hold the future in their hands. That is why we give special prominence to a special item of Admiralty news.

It is a great event that the Admiralty has placed a definite order with British producers for oil distilled from coal. The contract is the first of its kind.

More important still, it is stated that the contract follows on the successful use of such oil by one of his Majesty's warships, the Westminster. This ship has been run on coal-oil with such success that the Admiralty has felt justified in placing a definite contract for twelve months with the Low Temperature Carbonisation Company.

We must not hastily suppose that the coal-oil problem is solved, but it is impossible not to hail with delight this first practical demonstration that there is a possibility of running ships with fuel oil produced from our magnificent British heritage of coal.

### Advantage of Coal-Oil

Hundreds of thousands of British miners have been driven out of work by the cheapness of natural petroleum, which Nature has stored in the Earth in many places but not, alas! in any valuable quantity in our own lovely island. The economy and convenience of running ships with oil are so great that coal has had to give way, although we note that a claim is made that very good results can be obtained by using coal in a powdered form.

Another great advantage of coal-oil is that the low-temperature process gives us a most valuable domestic fuel, a coke which will burn in an open grate and is almost smokeless in burning.

If, therefore, the new Admiralty contract proves successful we may see our way to the abolition of smoking chimneys and the need to import oil.

Another favourable point is that, while natural petroleum is now very cheap, it will not always remain so, and therefore in the future coal-oil may rival it in point of price.

One of our great economists said that the Coal Question was of "utmost religious importance" to us, and that is still true.

### OVER A CLIFF FOR A DOG

The readiness of the Boy Scouts to deal with every emergency has saved the life of a terrier at Bolt Head, near Salcombe in Devon.

Commissioner West and his troop were searching for the remains of an ancient Danish camp on this headland when they heard the whining of a dog. Peering over the edge of the cliff, they saw the animal on a ledge.

The Scouts fixed crowbars into the earth and fastened a rope to them. With a sack in his hand Commissioner West lowered himself down the face of the cliff, popped the dog into the sack, and both were hauled up to safety.

## THINGS SAID

There are 200 mansions now vacant in Somerset alone.

A well-known auctioneer

The secret of future civilisation depends on the right use of leisure.

Mr C. E. M. Joad

To hear Big Ben on the wireless has made me homesick at times.

Archdeacon of the Arctic

People need to realise that the way of life for all must be No cross, no crown.

Lord Dawson of Penn

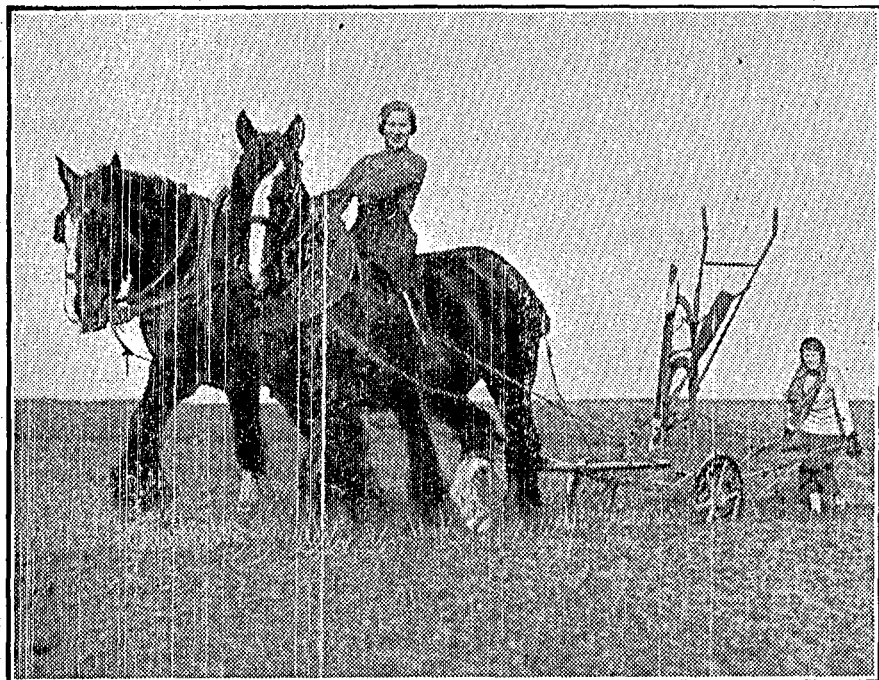


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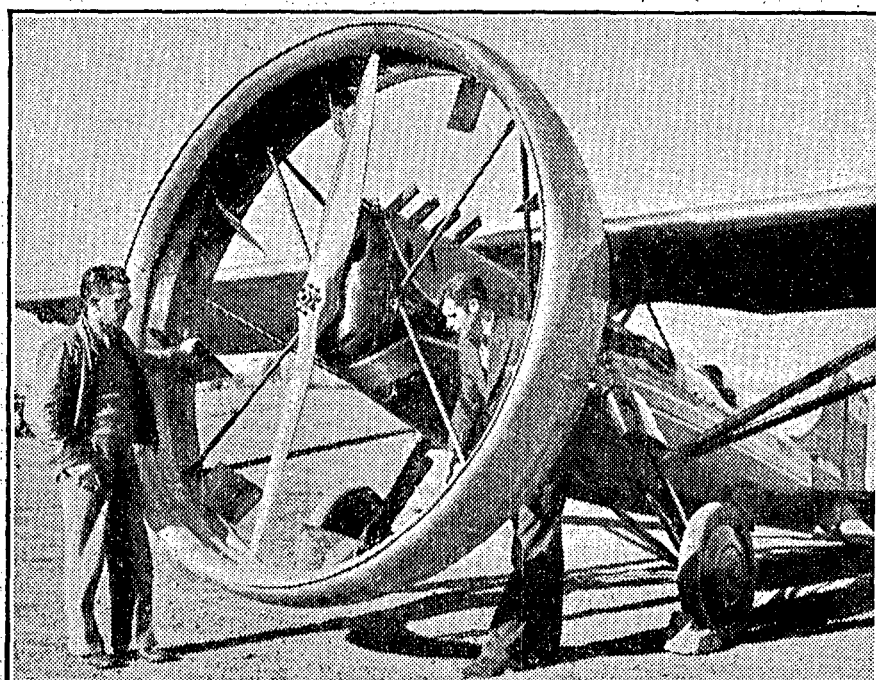
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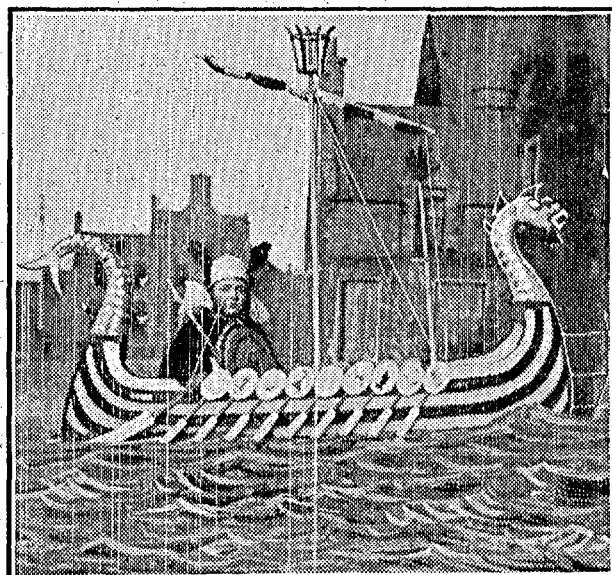
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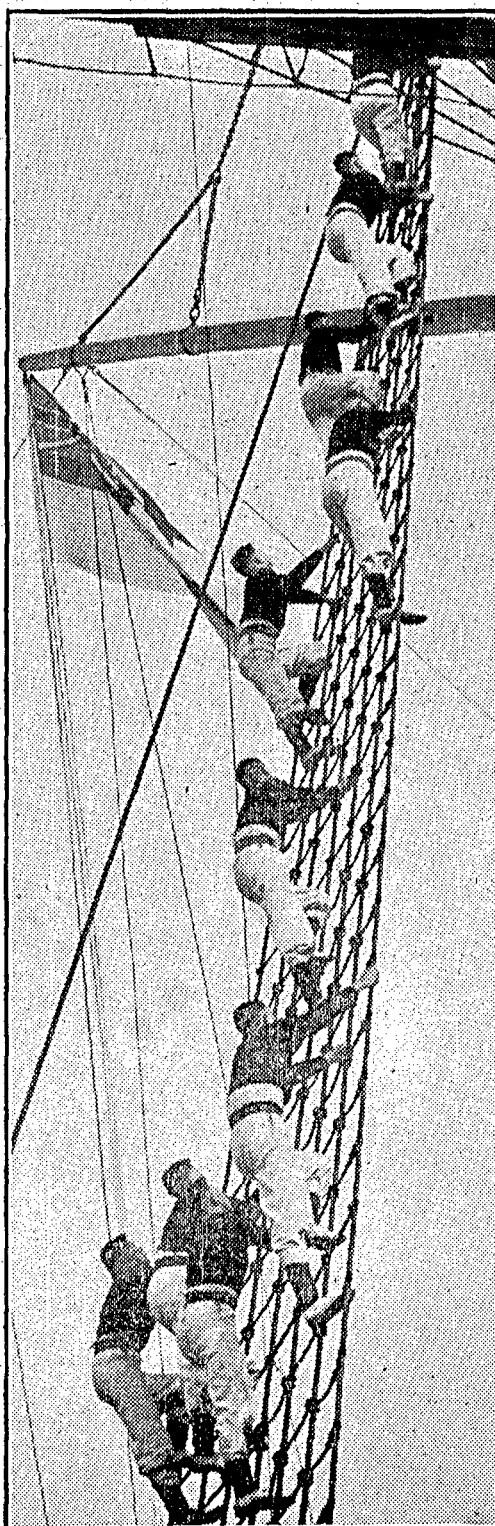
**Girls at the Plough**—Ploughing is very heavy work, as one of these girls found when helping a farmer in Kent. She took a rest by riding, and the horse seemed proud of its rider.



**New Plane Device**—It is claimed for this curious American invention that it not only increases an aeroplane's speed but provides a means of slowing-up the machine as it lands.



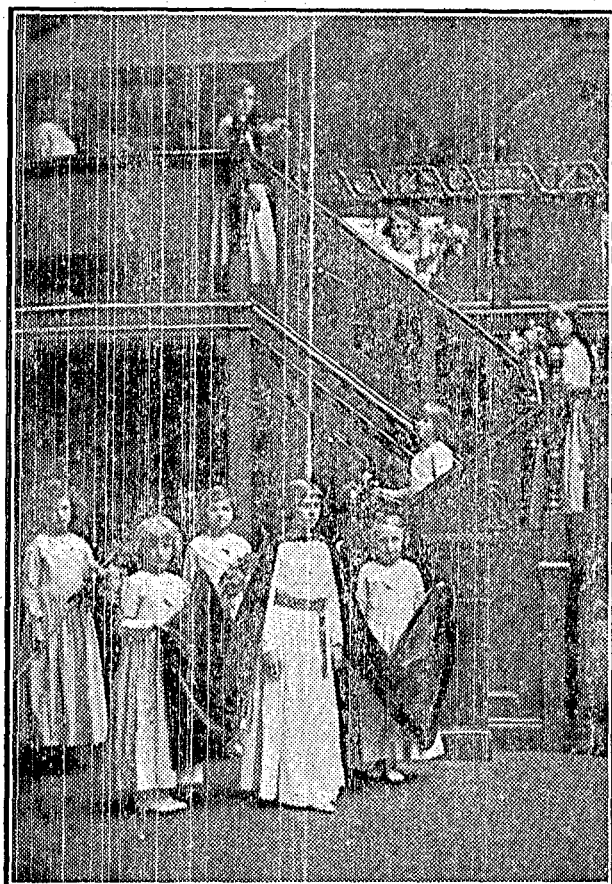
**Link With the Vikings**—Children with little replicas of the famous Viking galleys take part in a Norse ceremony which is held every year at Lerwick in the Shetland Isles.



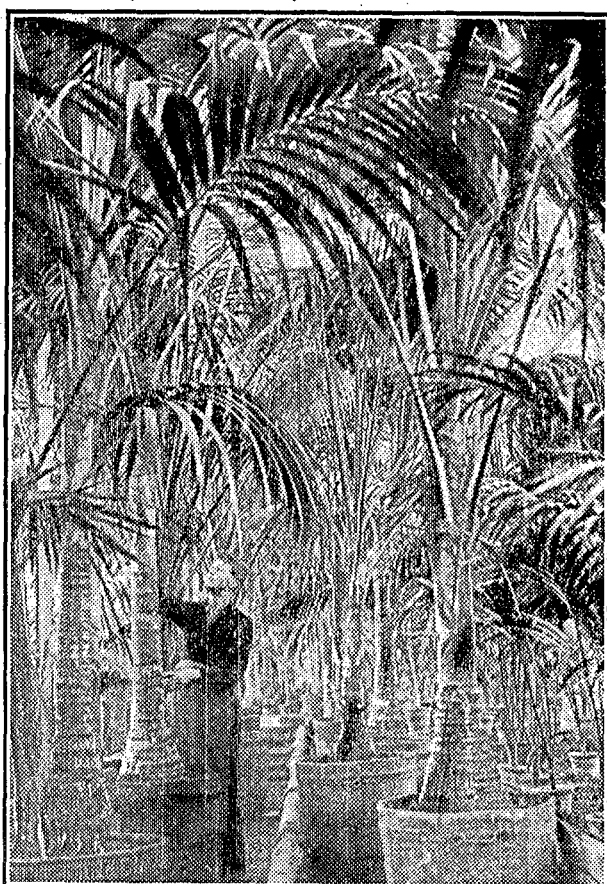
**Sailors in the Making**—Although today there is less need for climbing the rigging than in the days of sailing ships this is a popular feature at the naval training station near Harwich.



**Safety First at Sea**—Children on a liner homeward bound from Australia are here shown at lifebelt drill, in which they took part under the supervision of an officer.



**A School of Loveliness**—On page 8 a correspondent describes a visit to a remarkable school in London which has 600 pupils. Here we see the May Queen and the Maypole Dancers in a fair recently held at the school.



**A Jungle at Cheshunt**—This little forest of palms is growing under six acres of glass at Cheshunt in Hertfordshire. The palms, which are used for interior decoration, have been raised from seeds imported from a Pacific island.



## LAUGHTER CREEPS IN HAPPINESS WILL HAVE ITS WAY

How a Grocer and an Artist  
Struck a Bargain

### DOING THINGS AT SZOLNOK

Luckily for all of us, laughter has a habit of creeping in at the most unexpected places.

Artists have always been its favourite, and it has not deserted their colony at Szolnok in Hungary, although to try to sell a picture there in these days is a task to pull down the corners of the merriest mouth.

This colony is run by the municipal and State treasuries, and provides free homes for a number of artists, chiefly landscape painters; for Szolnok is on the Tisza, that strange river of the plains which conjures up mirages and enchanting cloud formations on hot summer days. But, though they had no rent to pay, many of them had no money to buy food and clothing. The shops suffered with them, until a grocer decided to do what so many are doing today—go back to barter.

"Bring your pictures along," he said to the artists, "and I will give you food for them."

#### His Masterpiece

Now any student of economics knows that a currency unit should be divisible; that is why we have our shillings and pence and halfpence. A young artist discovered the truth of this for himself when his wife drew up a scanty list of groceries that were absolutely necessary.

The only picture he had left for bartering was a great canvas worth a grocer's store. It was his masterpiece, but there seemed no alternative; so, hoisting the cherished work on to his shoulder, he marched off to the grocer's.

"That is too much for what you want to buy," remarked the grocer.

"Have you nothing smaller?"

The artist sadly shook his head.

"Well, then, I shall have to give you change," said the grocer.

At once the artist's face brightened. He had a glorious vision of receiving some money at last. What would he not do with it?

But the vision faded as suddenly, for up bobbed the grocer with three of his smaller paintings, bartered by this same customer on previous occasions.

That is the story a young artist is telling against himself, and that is how laughter crept in at Szolnok.

## A FEAST IS BETTER THAN A FUNERAL

The people of Biessard near Rouen have had a terrible experience with an unexpectedly happy ending.

There was a fall of rock in a quarry, and two men were buried.

To show their sympathy with the bereaved relatives their fellow-villagers collected money for a burial fund.

It was more than four days after the accident when the rescue workers were at last able to reach the bodies.

To everyone's extreme astonishment they were living bodies.

The two men had been saved by an overhanging ledge of rock, which gave them breathing space, besides saving them from being crushed to death.

At once it was decided that the burial fund should become a banquet fund, so that the whole village should rejoice and feast at this return from the dead.

#### CANADA'S PEOPLE

Only about three-quarters of Canada's people are native born.

Of nearly 10,400,000 Canadians at the last census, more than 2,300,000 were immigrants. More than half of these were from the Motherland and other parts of the Empire.

## In Search of the Lost Gold Reef THREE MEN WHO SOUGHT FOR IT

Patrick Whelan's Terrible 14 Days  
in the Desert Hills of Australia

### LATEST CHAPTER IN THE STORY OF THE WORLD'S GOLD

THE lure of gold calls men to strange places, but to none more terrible than the waterless, sun-baked desert hills of Central and Western Australia.

Yet since first men crossed these plains stories have been told of gold reefs, fabulously rich, and men have set out to seek them. The gold reefs have seldom been found, and the prospectors have died of heat and thirst, yet the search continues. Readers of the C.N. know the story of Lasseter, said to have found and lost a gold reef in the desert. Many have searched for Lasseter's Lost Reef, but few have had the terrible experience of Patrick Whelan, who for 14 days was marooned on the bank of a salt lake and lived through heat which even drove the little desert birds away.

#### The Utmost Secrecy

Patrick Whelan, who is 61, believes he knows the site of a rich gold reef, identical with Lasseter's Lost Reef. Twice he has led a party overland by camel to find it, but each time heat and drought have driven them back. Early in December Whelan, accompanied by an engineer named Stuckey, set out in a De Havilland plane piloted by Baker to find the reef. The whole expedition was planned with the utmost secrecy, and only a small syndicate knew of the departure. Early on a hot summer morning the plane flew out from Forrest and for six days no more was heard of it. It was to fly over sun-baked rocky hills, salt lakes, and clay pans, all impossible landing-grounds, and the long delay was alarming. But on the seventh day the plane came back, badly damaged and carrying only one passenger. On the first day of the trip engine trouble had forced the pilot to make a landing on the rim of a salt lake 230 miles north of Forrest.

#### In Terrific Heat

In the soft earth the plane had overturned and been badly damaged. For a week pilot and engineer had worked on it in terrific heat, binding saplings to broken parts with leather thongs from their water-bottles. They repaired it sufficiently to take off, but it could carry only two men, and Whelan agreed to wait until he could be rescued. They had only a gallon and a half of water to leave him.

For 14 days Whelan waited in blinding heat for the rescue plane while, down in Forrest, Baker worked night and day on the wrecked plane, repairing it so that he might make the perilous journey back. Once he took a small plane out to drop food and water for Whelan, but after that he concentrated on mending the De Havilland, as he knew it was the only plane capable of making the dangerous landing.

#### His Only Shelter

Whelan's finger had been broken and his hip injured in the forced landing. He had only a small stunted tree for shelter, and the sun blazed down on him as he lay on a blanket with another thrown over the top of him. The temperature rose to 120 degrees each day, and the north wind filled the air with red dust and sand. He became even too weak to follow the moving shade of his tree, though he knew well the dangers of lying in the desert sun.

When the first plane came with food and water the pilot threw down a tube of water, but it burst and trickled into the sand! Then he threw a three-gallon drum attached to a small parachute. It appeared to land safely and he followed this with bags of food and a letter addressed jocularly to "Whelan, Salt Lake City," urging him to keep his spirits up as Baker was working night

and day on the machine which would rescue him. The plane flew south, believing that Whelan was provisioned for at least three days.

The pilot did not know that the food had squashed to pulp in the fall and that the water had leaked from the drum.

For three days Whelan lay there in the heat, without water; black spots danced before his eyes and he knew that he was near unconsciousness. At last he managed to cut a tree, and, holding the roots near the fire, extracted some sap to moisten his lips. On New Year's Eve a plane came down from the hot sky, circled over the salt lake, and dropped parcels and another drum of water. He was so weak that had the drum dropped a yard farther away he could not have crawled to it, but he reached it at last. As he drank his strength returned, and he followed the pad of a camel for eight miles across the sand, where he came across a camp of five natives. They were quiet, but helpless, and appeared to have nothing to eat or drink.

#### The Thunderstorm

He returned to his camp by the lake but he was not idle. He walked round the bank, testing the sand, to find a firm spot where the rescue plane might land. He marked this with arrows cut in the salt and drew a line beyond which it would be unsafe for a plane to land. He tore up an old blanket and nailed it to a stick as a mark for the plane.

Then a thunderstorm blew up in the sky and he watched the black clouds with a sinking heart. If it were to rain his rescue would be delayed, for no plane could land on the bogged soil. Three miles away the clouds emptied themselves into a dry salt lake, filling it to the brim, but none fell at Whelan's camp. If anything, the heat increased. As the grey desert birds flew into Forrest the men in the hot iron hangar worked still harder on the damaged plane.

#### The Dangers Ahead

The story of Whelan had travelled by this time all over Australia, and two Air Force planes from Victoria had flown across the continent to help Baker at Forrest. They undertook to deliver supplies to Whelan, and twice made the 460-miles non-stop journey to the lake and back.

Early on the morning of January 5 the De Havilland was ready and Baker set out on his journey. He knew the dangers ahead of him and that, on the soft surface of the salt lake, he must make the best landing of his life. From a height of 3000 feet he glided down to the lake and circled slowly round; he saw the markings Whelan had made and the blanket he had stretched out on the ground, the one solid thing in that desert of sand on which he was to land. He closed the throttle, turned, skimmed over the dunes, side-slipped down the slope, and came on to the lake in a slow, flat glide, bringing his two-ton plane safely on to the blanket.

#### Saved

Paddy Whelan hobbled up. "Do you think you will be able to take me?" he asked. "That's why I've come," Baker said. He threw overboard all that could be spared—the spare propeller, the petrol drum, the ballast, even the water-bottle was thrown over. Whelan climbed in and leaned forward to bring the weight to the front of the machine. Baker started up the engine, taxied a little way, and then, within a foot of the soft sand, the machine rose into the air and sailed down south to Forrest.

Whelan was saved—and when last we heard of him he was planning another expedition.

## SKEBENGA ON HIS SENTRY-BOX On Guard at the Store A HERO DIES AT HIS POST IN NATAL

He died on December 27, but as he was only a mongrel dog the news was not flashed round the world.

We have only just heard; but the C.N. gladly finds this space for his obituary notice, for he died a hero.

His name was Skebenga; he had a jaunty tail, a brown coat, and was something of a fox-terrier; and his home was the village of Mount Vernon in Natal, overlooking Durban, where he guarded Mr and Mrs Gaynor's house and store.

Often they would leave him in sole charge and come back late in the evening to find him at his post. He chose as sentry-box an old box in the verandah, and was always sitting on top of it when they returned, though quite free to roam about.

The Christmas holidays came, and Mr and Mrs Gaynor decided to leave Skebenga in sole charge while they spent a few days away, having first made arrangements for him to be fed and kept an eye on in his turn, though they left him free to run about.

#### All He Thought About

Poor Skebenga asleep on his sentry-box that night woke to find that an enemy was in the store, an enemy against whom he was powerless, for it was fire. He stood on his box and barked for help, and first one neighbour woke up and then another. They looked out of their windows and saw the countryside lit as by a giant torch. They rushed to the store, but it was too late; the fire had too strong a hold.

Skebenga! they called, Skebenga! for they could hear his shrill barks above the crackling of the flames. Why did he not come? He was loose and could easily have escaped.

But Skebenga had been left to guard the store, and that is all he thought about. He barked defiance at the flames till he could bark no more, and in the morning, when the neighbours searched the burned-out ruins, they found Skebenga's charred bones on top of his sentry-box in the verandah. He died as true a hero as ever a boy died on the burning deck.

#### THE 8s 6d CAR

Mr Will Cozzi and his brother Frank have started on a world tour to prove the reliability of British motor-cars.

Their car is 20 years old and they bought it for 8s 6d. As cars go it is very old, but the best British workmanship went to its making.

We hope it is now making good speed across the roads of France, where, we are sure, the antique cut of its bonnet will cause much astonishment. Cigar-shaped sports cars may hoot rudely at it, but it is probable that these inventions in aluminium will not be making world tours 20 years hence; and he laughs longest who laughs last.

#### THE TWO SCOTLAND YARDS

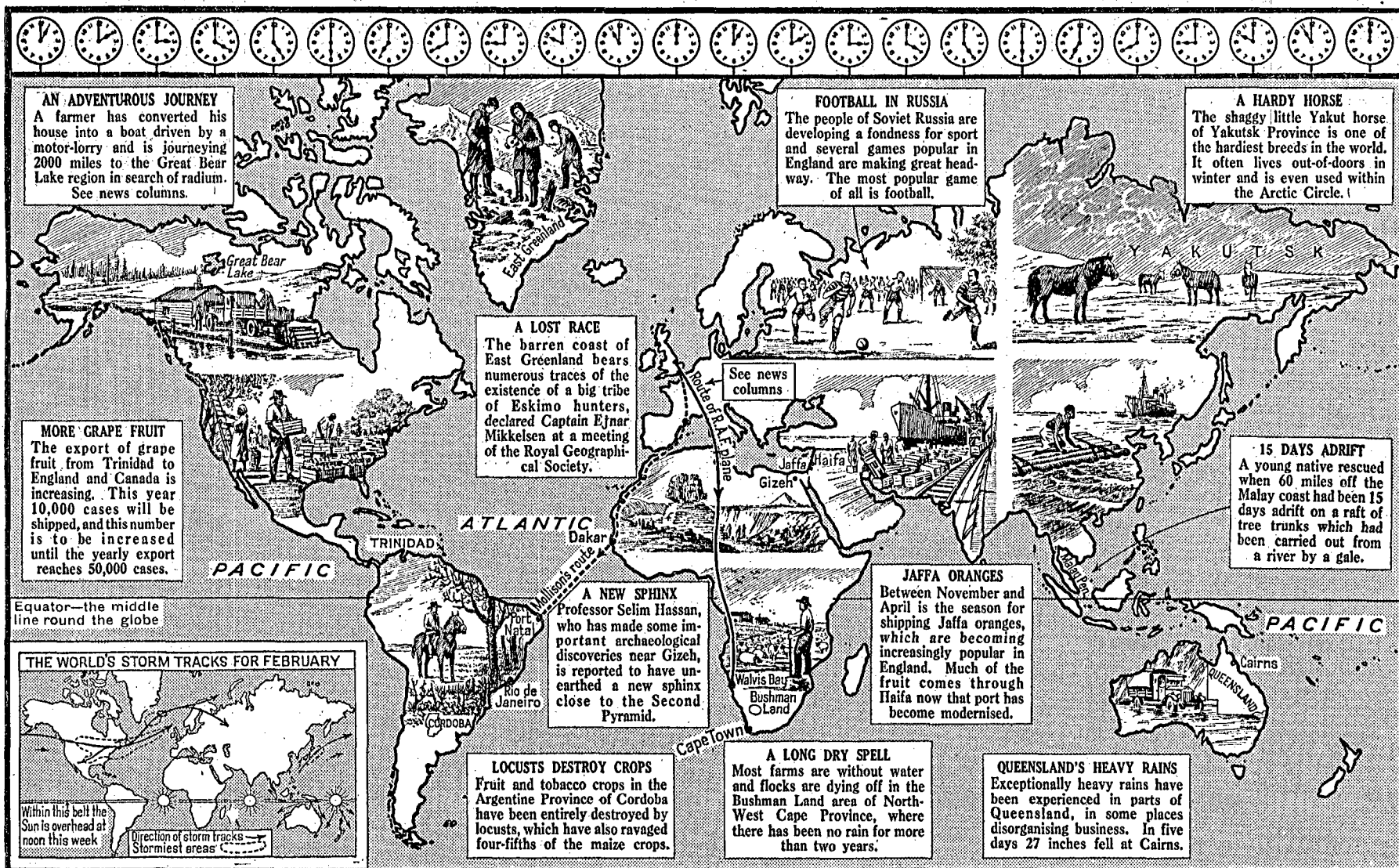
Scotland Yard is today so familiar a name for our police headquarters that confusion often arises, as in a recent note in the C.N. regarding it.

There are two Scotland Yards, one correctly called Great Scotland Yard, now a mere side street, and one correctly called New Scotland Yard, where is the police headquarters. It seems absurd that the two names should continue.

It was on the site of Great Scotland Yard that stood the mansion once occupied by the Kings of Scotland during their visits to London: hence the name.



# PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



## A REAL HOUSE-BOAT

### Canadian Family's Adventurous Journey to the North

At a certain sheltered spot on the banks of the Mackenzie River in Canada an occasional traveller across the snows may unexpectedly come upon a curious little home. On closer inspection it might remind him of Noah's Ark.

Inside it are living a farmer, his wife and two children, and his brother, not to mention two pigs and a sheep. There they are waiting for the return of summer to make it possible for their strange little craft to take to the water once more.

Reports of the discovery of radium-bearing and other rich ores encouraged the farmer to make a 2000-mile trip to the region of Great Bear Lake. So he turned his wooden shack and his barn into a boat, with a motor-lorry to operate a stern paddle-wheel; and he set out to make the journey by water. By way of a change the adventurous family sometimes made short overland stages and they were last seen while engaged on one of these.

The strange little cavalcade was seen by a pilot of the Royal Canadian Air Force at Fort Smith. The motor-lorry had been run ashore, the floating home was jacked up, the lorry backed underneath it, and after various adjustments had been made the whole contraption set off slowly.

After covering 17 miles the perambulating home once more became a paddle-boat and set off northward toward the family's destination. But progress was naturally slow, and when the adventurers were forced into winter quarters they were still some hundreds of miles away from Great Bear Lake.

This hardy Canadian family is certainly possessed of the spirit of the old pioneers. Let us hope their journey will prove worth while. See World Map

## EAT MORE CAKE

### Like a Fairy Tale

The financial depression has caused to be issued in Greece a decree which makes one think of those German fairy tales in which some lucky child was ordered to eat its way through a mountain of almond paste and candied cherries.

In order to obviate the necessity of importing two-thirds of the country's yearly consumption of wheat from Canada and the United States, as has been done hitherto, the bakers of Greece have been ordered to bake bread of which a third consists of dried sultanas. As everyone knows, sultanas are a staple product of the country, and, owing to the depression again, have lately not been exported in such quantities as before.

So the grape-growers have cause to congratulate themselves on the innovation, but it is the children who care for it most. Think of being ordered, as a duty, to eat plum cake instead of bread!

## C.N. LIFELIKE PICTURES

Wherever the C.N. Lifelike Pictures have been seen they have created great interest and given much pleasure.

Two more pages are given with this week's issue, and others are to follow. The best way to keep these in good condition is to place them in the self-binder album which was given with the C.N. for February 4, with which a pair of Magic Spectacles for viewing the pictures was also supplied.

More Lifelike Pictures Next Week

## A WINNER

We congratulate Mr David Rush. He is 83, and a master printer by trade, and he has just won the All-England lace knitting competition held at Leighton Buzzard.

All the young ladies in England could not beat him at this delicate work, with its need for steady, sensitive fingers and bright eyes.

## A QUEER ADVENTURE

### Mutineers Run Off With a Ship

Nothing seems impossible in this queer world, and the running away with a warship by its crew in the East Indies brought the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries back with a bump.

Angered by the imprisonment of their comrades who had mutinied because their pay had been cut down, the native crew of a Dutch warship sailed away with this 5000-ton vessel as soon as the captain and his chief officers had gone ashore.

A squadron of warships went in pursuit, but it was only after some days that the mutineers were overhauled, bombed from the air, and forced to surrender. They sent out wireless messages of explanation and defiance to the last.

## THE BETTING EVIL

### Suppression of the Tote

The Government announced its decision to accept the findings of the Royal Commission on the Totalisator as soon as Parliament met, and the Home Office at once took steps to prohibit its use both in clubs and on greyhound racecourses throughout England.

For a time the bookmakers will have it all their own way at the greyhound racing tracks, but we are glad to say that the Government is fully alive to the evils of the widespread growth of betting and hopes to introduce legislation covering the whole subject.

## LAST CHANCE FOR THE CHILDREN'S SHAKESPEARE

May we remind all readers who intend to accept the C.N. Birthday Offer of a 13s volume of the Children's Shakespeare that Saturday is the last day for application?

If you have not already sent your forms please make use of those which appear on page 14, and post them before it is too late.

## FROZEN OUT OF HOME

### Three Geese on the Danube

By Our Hungary Correspondent

The inhabitants of Budapest have lost an entertaining pastime which might be called Feeding the Three Geese Under the Bridge.

Ten days ago the three geese in question came floating down the Danube on an ice-floe; whether from the nearest Hungarian village upstream, or some far-away Austrian or German pasture, who can tell? All that seems certain is that, like Mrs John Gilpin, on pleasure they were bent. Also they were as disappointed in their expectations as she was, though in a different way, for they had only reached the first of Budapest's two central bridges when the gently billowing ice-floes on one of which they were seated joined up with a click, and turned the all-but-fast-frozen river into immovable ice from bank to bank.

Had the geese been human beings they would doubtless have fretted and fumed at this sudden finish to their cruise; as it was, they settled down philosophically to await what the morrow would bring.

Their philosophy was justified, for before many hours had passed there began to rain down on them heavenly manna of various kinds, while an ever-changing fringe of faces along the parapet above kept them from getting bored. For the next ten days there were never less than a dozen people on the bridge watching the feathered visitors, feeding them, talking to them, or laughing at their antics. On the eleventh day the frost broke, and before they or anyone else knew what was happening the three Mrs Gilpins were away again, speeding downstream in search of fresh adventures and new, unknown pastures somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Black Sea.

Two L.M.S. engines of the Royal Scot class have been named Boy Scout and Girl Guide.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

FEBRUARY 25 1933

## Cross Words

CROSS WORDS are of all kinds. Some are so difficult that we wonder how anyone can do them, and when we look at the long list of solvers we marvel that there are so many clever people in the world.

Most of us try our hands at them now and then. They amuse us, teach us new words, and make us think; but there is a clue to life hidden in these cross words more important than any clue to the words themselves.

We pick up a paper and see the familiar squares waiting to be filled in. We read the clues and say to ourselves that we shall never do it. There are 5 across and 6 down and all the rest of them. It is too difficult. We are just going to put the paper down when we look again at 23 across: Fifty-one untruths in a garden. Why, that is *Lilies*. We realise it in a flash of intuition, and then we are off, each letter giving a hint to some other clue.

Soon we are amazed to see how much progress we have made and, like Little Jack Horner, we are inclined to pat ourselves on the back. We are cleverer fellows than we thought.

And so it is with other things. Every piece of knowledge is a starting-point for fresh discoveries. Every goal is a new beginning. We should never give up a problem which at first seems too hard for us. The clue may be found at any time, and then, like the old Greek, we shall shout our Eureka: "I have found it."

Plato used to teach that all knowledge was the calling back from memory of things which we knew but did not know we knew. There is much truth in this, though not the whole truth. Certain it is that when we do cross words we are surprised at the number of things we find we know. All we needed was a good start, and then these hidden words came trooping out.

Philosophy is not an easy word to many people, but it only means thoughts fitted together like words in a cross word puzzle. Things are strangely related to each other. What we learn in mathematics will help us in science or even in geography and history. The astronomer tracing the way of the planets in the Universe and the biologist reading the story of tiny things have much in common. The fall of an apple may give a clue to the deepest mystery.

We do not live in a world where things are jumbled together without relation to one another. The more we learn, the more we see how everything is bound together; and if we go on learning every discovery will lead us to new fields and new worlds. This is the sort of thing which makes life so full of surprise and adventure.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## The Millions

WE deeply regret that the actual number of our unemployed must now be three millions.

The call upon the Government for action is increasingly urgent. Once more it must be pointed out that the Government itself, by its grave neglect of the housing problem, is preventing what might be a great source of employment. An army of builders, to say nothing of the transport workers and others, are involved, and in all something like half a million workers are unemployed because of a building depression which ought not to exist and need not exist, *except by the will of our politicians.*

## Why?

THERE is good reason, no doubt, why nations should be off the Gold Standard, but is there any reason at all why they are off the Golden Rule?

## Righting a Wrong

IT is sad that British women who marry foreigners should become aliens in the sight of the law.

As aliens they were, until now, compelled to register the fact of their continued existence with the police, as if they were criminals! We are glad to record that the Home Secretary has made an order that British women who have forfeited their British nationality by marrying a foreigner are in future to be exempt from the humiliation of police registration.

Every woman's thanks are due to Miss Winifred James (Mrs de Jan), whose case has brought about this change. She was summoned for refusing to register, and to her public-spirited refusal the new order is due.

The cruel fact remains that any British woman who, like Miss James, marries an alien, *becomes an alien by her marriage.* This legal scandal should be wiped out as a disgrace to our law.

## Lost

IT is certainly a little late for Christmas to find itself in a newspaper, but this particular Christmas Day was lost, so that it may just as well turn up in spring.

The men who lost it were the crew of the American cargo steamer Golden Eagle, which reached Auckland in New Zealand on December 27.

In sailing across the Pacific from East to West the Golden Eagle had the misfortune to arrive at the 180th meridian on Christmas Eve; in a few seconds she crossed the meridian and found herself in Boxing Day.

The crew's Christmas vanished into space, for New Zealand is 24 hours ahead of time in the central Pacific, and the 180th meridian marks where the clock must be put on.

A Happy Christmas to these unfortunates this year.

## The Wall

I FEEL as though we each had a wall built about us, life is so restricted, said the man with a downcast droop to his mouth.

"A wall may include things as well as shut them out," the Philosopher answered, looking away and beyond the man with a downcast droop to his mouth.

## A Thought

An awful thought it is that man Has in his mind the will to plan Events; does he but close a door, His deed persists for evermore.

Should he but open one, then he Opens it for eternity. The lives of millions shall be changed Through one act by one man arranged. Marjorie Wilson

## Tip-Cat

THE right ear is said to be more efficient than the left. But the left is frequently quite right.

THE world has not grown up, declares a writer. No; it has grown round.

KEEP good tempered and keep well, is a doctor's advice. Well and good.

A LADY says that what you need at the sales is discretion. Not to mention money.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If a herald blows his own trumpet

enough to know better.

BELL-RINGING is a fascinating occupation. Goes with a swing.

TRAINS are popular again, says a fashion writer. So are motor-coaches.

A LONDON schoolboy can throw his voice. We should be glad if some we know would throw theirs away.

## THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

A DOG at Crundale has visited the grave of his master every day since he died two years ago.

FOR ten years in succession there have been no prisoners for trial at Rutland Assizes.

## JUST AN IDEA

The failures of man come from the fact that he puts as much faith in bad as in good.

## I Will Dwell in the Midst of Jerusalem

An old friend of the C.N. who is nearing his hundredth birthday asks us to print the prophecy of Zechariah so that all boys and girls may read it, and we give with much pleasure this looking-forward to the great days of Jerusalem, taking it as given in Arthur Mee's Children's Bible.

I WILL dwell in the midst of Jerusalem; and Jerusalem shall be called a city of truth.

There shall yet old men and old women dwell in the streets of Jerusalem, and every man with his staff in his hand for very age. And the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof.

Behold, I will save my people from the east and from the west; they shall dwell in the midst of Jerusalem, and they shall be my people, and I will be their God, in truth and in righteousness.

The seed shall be prosperous; the vine shall give her fruit, the ground shall give her increase; the heavens shall give their dew; and I will cause the remnant of this people to possess all these things. And it shall come to pass that, as ye were a curse among the heathen, O house of Judah and house of Israel, so will I save you, and ye shall be a blessing. Fear not, but let your hands be strong.

These are the things that ye shall do: Speak ye every man the truth to his neighbour; execute the judgment of truth and peace in your gates; let none of you imagine evil in your hearts against his neighbour; and love no false oath; for all these are things that I hate, saith the Lord.

Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion; shout, O daughter of Jerusalem. Behold, thy King cometh unto thee! He is just, and having salvation; lowly, and riding on an ass. He shall speak peace unto the heathen; and his dominion shall be from sea to sea, and from the river to the ends of the earth.

It shall come to pass that every one that is left of all the nations which came against Jerusalem shall go up from year to year to worship the King, the Lord of Hosts, and to keep the feast of tabernacles. In that day shall there be upon the bells of the horses, *Holiness unto the Lord.*

## The Rambler's Prayer

THE Bishop of Ripon, Dr E. A. Burroughs, who is known in the North Riding as the Walker's Bishop, has written a special hymn to be sung by rambles who spend their week-ends in the open. This is the first verse:

Lord God, from whom all life  
And all true gladness springs,  
Whose love and care shines everywhere  
Among Earth's common things,  
Be present while we lift  
Our songs to Thee and pay  
Heart gratitude for all things good  
About our path today.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled. Jesus



## A TALE OF TWO ROBINS

### THE LITTLE FRIEND WHO CALLED FOR DINNER

The Solitary Companion of a Famous Scholar

#### INTRODUCING MRS ROBIN

We make no apology for stealing from The Times these two tales of our matchless countryside.

We ourselves have written much for the C.N. with Robin Redbreast hopping about our table, and have shared with him many meals on a Kent hilltop; but these two tales of Buckinghamshire robins, the first from Amersham and the second from Slough, appear to us to call for special record.

On January 27 (says a lady from Amersham) when the frost was still very severe, we had an unexpected visitor to dine and sleep: a robin, who was found in the dining-room shortly before dinner.

He was in very friendly mood and made an excellent repast of bread, butter, and digestive biscuit, to each of which he helped himself. After this he drank with some little difficulty out of the dog's water bowl, and finally decided to have a bath; he plunged twice (well out of his depth) before I stopped such unsuitable proceedings by removing the bowl.

#### A Comfortable Perch

Later on I offered him a wastepaper basket as affording a fairly comfortable perch; this he promptly accepted, and we left him for the night. He spent most of the next day in the garden, but after coming in at dusk for a meal in the bird-tray inside the window decided to remain again. He did not dine on this occasion (considering, perhaps, that such gaieties should not be indulged in on two successive nights), but roused himself at dinner-time to a minute inspection of the furniture before settling for the night on an old picture frame.

In the light of this experience we have left open a greenhouse (which has no plants this winter) and a tool shed, so that other little people seeking sheltered quarters may not knock in vain.

#### A Learned Bird

Writing in reference to this letter a gentleman at Slough carries on the story in this wise:

He; no doubt, until recently was the robin who was an inseparable friend of an eminent scholar, the late Dr Paget Toynbee, in all his walks, and his sole companion indoors by day and by night. Robin shared in every meal, and slept in his host's chamber. He even peered over the reader's shoulder at times when Dr Toynbee was perusing proof-sheets dealing with Walpole, Dante, or Gray. The gardener indeed ventured so far as to hint that the learned bird criticised, or even corrected, some of the doctor's proof-sheets, so intently was he observed to fix his gaze upon them!

Once this privileged guest met with sad disaster, when rashly one morning hopping from a toast rack on to a scalding tea urn, collapsing instantly from shock as if dead. Hearing his cry of distress, the doctor glanced up from The Times and hurried to the rescue.

#### Two Invalids

The patient was revived, but lay helpless for several days in a basket lined with cottonwool until his feet were healed after the burns.

When a little later, and himself an invalid, Dr Toynbee was away from home for three or four months, he did not expect to see his friend again. However, only a few hours elapsed after his return home when the faithful robin appeared to greet him, then briefly disappeared and shortly returned again, this time a little shyly with a companion to introduce Mrs Robin. And now his best friend has passed away and Five-ways knows him no more.

## BETTER THAN GOLF

EVERY Monday afternoon the lounge of the North Middlesex Golf Club is filled with seamstresses.

A good proportion of the 250 women members have agreed to give up one round of golf a week in order to make clothes for the unemployed.

Very often a man cannot find work because his clothes have now become so shabby that he no longer looks fit for a post where smartness is essential. Very often little children go without underclothes because unemployment pay only covers rent and food. So the Personal Service League is organising sewing centres for the unemployed. Needless to say, one of these centres

is at Buckingham Palace. It is exactly the kind of scheme to appeal to the Queen, who is not only the soul of sympathy, but also a notable needle-woman, and has covered many an East End baby's cot with a warm cover of her own making.

The North Middlesex Golf Club completed 400 garments in the first three weeks of the scheme's existence. It is, we are delighted to learn, turning them out even faster now.

If other golf clubs followed this lead, mobilising many thousands of women, there would be fewer shivering people by the time March comes blustering in with his piercing East wind.

## NEW PLAYING-FIELDS FOR LONDON



Strewing the bone meal on the grass



New playing-fields have been laid out beside Croydon Aerodrome. These pictures were taken when bone meal was being spread on the ground to promote the growth of the grass.

## KLONDIKE BOB'S LAST JOURNEY

KLONDIKE BOB HENDERSON has told his last story of one of the most stirring adventures of last century. He has died at 78.

It is the popular belief that Klondike Bob's discovery of gold in 1896 at Gold Creek in the Klondike district was the main cause of the great rush of gold-diggers to the icy Yukon.

Although thousands had to turn back and many died on the way, after less than four years there was a population of 30,000 in the wilds of the Yukon, all working in feverish haste under the constant menace of shortage of food. Only a few discovered the gold of their dreams and became wealthy.

Work was made very difficult because almost all of the ground had to be thawed

by fires and the use of steam before the mines could be worked.

Klondike Bob was better treated than many pioneers who find hidden treasure in the earth and so often die poor men, for the United States Government gave him a pension; but he could not settle down. The gold fever had him in its grip, and for years he wandered about the great frost-bound spaces hunting for new gold. The search for it meant more to him than its possession ever could do.

Not so with Kate Cormack, who had been one of his companions in the early Klondike days. She had other views of how to enjoy life. With the million dollars she had made she went to San Francisco and lived in style there in the most expensive hotel.

## THIS MARVELLOUS FLYING AGE

### AMAZING JOURNEYS

The World is Growing Smaller and Smaller

### ROUND THE EARTH NON-STOP?

How long will it be before a man flies non-stop from London to London, making a complete circuit of the Earth?

The success of recent big flights, such as the wonderful non-stop journey of the R.A.F. plane from Cranwell to Walvis Bay in South-West Africa, makes this not so fantastic as it would have seemed only five years ago.

The distance from Cranwell to Walvis Bay over the Great Circle course is 5340 miles, and the Fairey-Napier long-range monoplane covered this in 57 hours 25 minutes, giving an average speed of more than 93 miles an hour. Actually the machine flew over a distance more like 6000 miles, for the route was zigzag.

#### British Brains and Workmanship

This remarkable flight gave to British flyers the record for distance, which was previously held by two Americans, who flew non-stop from New York to Constantinople, about 5000 miles.

The three chief air records now belong to us, for in 1931 Flight-Lieutenant Stainforth captured the speed record at over 407 miles an hour, and last year Captain C. F. Uwins won the height record for planes at 43,976 feet.

All these records form a striking tribute to British brains and workmanship, and increasing orders from abroad for British planes prove that this is appreciated in other lands.

The flight down into Africa was not quite the success that had been hoped for, for headwinds had been encountered. On landing at Walvis Bay there remained only ten gallons of petrol, sufficient for less than 70 miles, and Cape Town, the goal, was nearer 700 miles away.

#### Flying Through the Black Night

The two men in the machine, Squadron-Leader Gayford and Flight-Lieutenant Nicholletts, were greatly assisted in the earlier stages of the flight by an automatic pilot which kept the machine on its course, but this went out of action on the evening of the second day.

After that the officers were compelled to give their whole attention to navigating and piloting the heavy machine. The night was very black and no horizon could be seen, so on they went flying with the help of the instruments inside the machine.

At about the time of the R.A.F. flyers' departure on their great adventure Mr J. A. Mollison was setting off from Lympne in a much smaller machine to fly to Brazil.

#### Mr Mollison's Atlantic Records

His machine could not carry about 1200 gallons of petrol as the big Fairey did, so Mr Mollison flew in stages, with one or two short halts for rest. His longest hop on the journey was 1600 miles across the South Atlantic from Thies in Senegal to Port Natal in Brazil, covered in less than 18 hours.

Mr Mollison set out to beat the French record for the journey, made a few weeks ago, and this he did by a whole day. His 4000-mile flight from England to Brazil was accomplished in three days ten hours and eighteen minutes, which included stops for rest.

Mr Mollison is the only man who has flown alone from East to West across the Atlantic, and he is also the only man who has flown alone across both North and South Atlantic.

These great flights seem to indicate that the non-stop flight round the world is not an impossibility. With refuelling planes to help at certain stages it is likely to happen before many years are gone. There are planes in existence now that could probably do it.



## A HAPPY THING TO THINK ABOUT

### SCHOOL OF LOVELINESS

#### The Schoolmaster Who Lives For His Work

### VIRTUE ITS OWN REWARD

If a school is like one a friend of the C.N. saw the other day, then a school is not only a place of learning, but a place of beauty, of freedom, and of love.

It was an L.C.C. school in the south-east of London, about the largest in England, with 600 pupils. To the visitor everything there was rather unexpected—the beauty, for one thing, of the interior of the building, the atmosphere of quiet happiness (and everyone knows what a noise 600 children could make), and the spontaneity with which the children moved from class to class. They seemed light-footed fairy people moving with directness on their busy ways, each certain of his or her business, and doing it.

#### When Schooldays Are Dreams

Now if one were to speak to those children and to ask them the reason for the radiance of the atmosphere it would be interesting to know how many would give the right answer; but one day, when schooldays are dreams left behind, and those hundreds of little people are citizens of the Empire, they will look back and will know.

For at their head is one who was described by another friend interested in work for children as a man with more vision, inspiration, and practical ideals than anyone he knew, a man who, like all great masters, does his work humbly and for the reward of the work itself.

He wants his pupils to be able to look back on their school with as much pride as any public school boy looks back on Winchester or Rugby. He sends his children into life equipped with the right sort of confidence, and with a sense of beauty so developed that it is unlikely that any ugly thing will be allowed in the child's heart for the rest of its life.

#### Decorations by the Children

The great school hall is charmingly decorated, most of the decorations being done by the children themselves. It is oak panelled and hung with lovely pictures. The stage scenery for a fair which has just taken place was made entirely by the pupils, and very lovely it is. But nothing is costly. It is all paid for by such things as the entertainment at this same fair, for which threepence was charged for a seat, and at which £55 was made. This fund left enough over for the entertainment of a party of two hundred children in less fortunate circumstances.

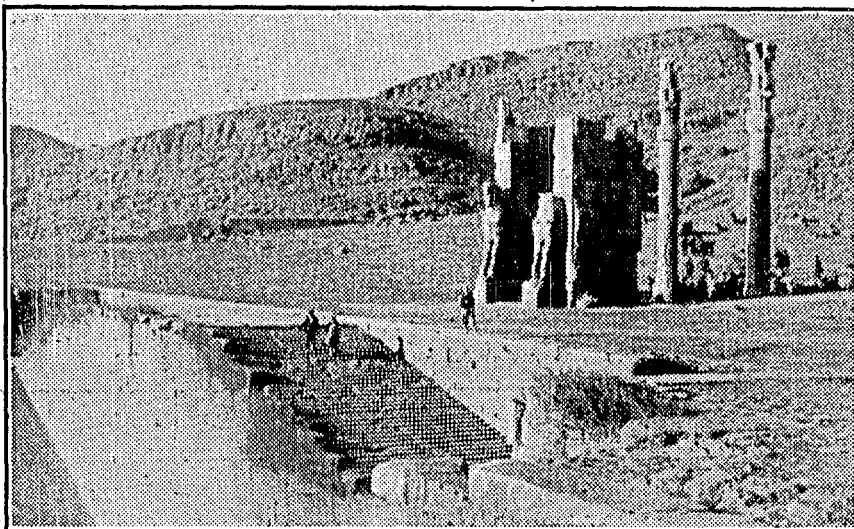
There is a Parents Guild, and the parents help to arrange any teas, or make dresses for the Maypole dancers and the May Queen.

#### Health and Happiness

When school was over the 600 children assembled in the body of the hall to say goodbye to their headmaster before going away, in quiet order, with no word of command. As their glowing faces gazed up at him on the platform, the visitor, who stood beside him, noticed the wonderful health and happiness that seemed to radiate from these small people, and the thought came to her: Here are 600 of the most precious things on Earth, always hungry for beauty, for love, for understanding, and for joy; generous with their trust; taking in, day after day, the food they need in order to thrive. Hundreds of children have passed through the master's hands; hundreds more are coming along; and the school is a happy thing to think about.

Picture on page 3

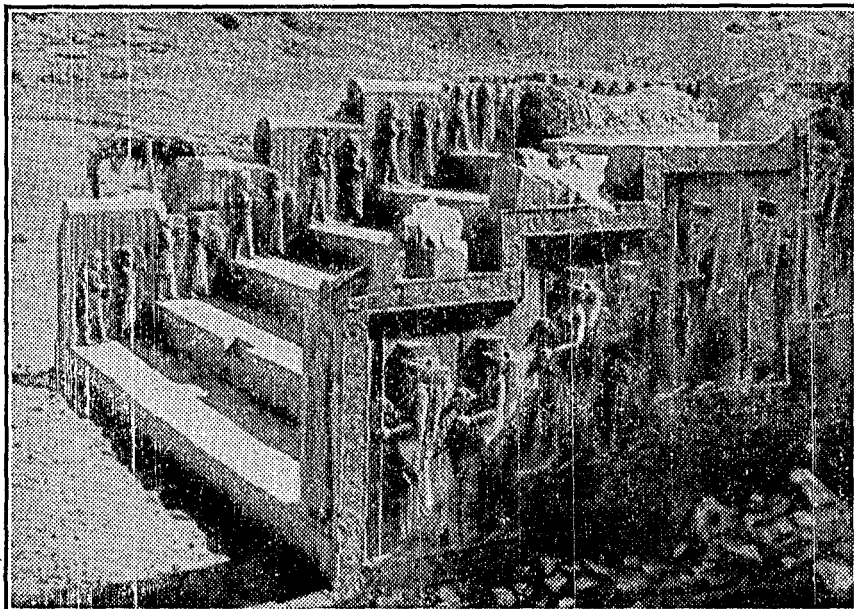
## THE GLORY OF ANCIENT PERSIA



The Platform of the Palaces at Persepolis



A detail of the sculptured staircase shown below



Here are some pictures from Persepolis, the ancient capital of Persia, where the expedition sent out by Chicago University has lately made some important discoveries. A wealth of magnificent sculpture has been uncovered in the ruins of the palaces burned by Alexander the Great in 330 B.C. See page 12.

## STOP THIS CRUELTY

### The Bird on the Beach and the Bird in the Cage

#### SUSSEX LEADS THE WAY

Those of us who are fortunate enough to have birds nesting near our houses know what a joy it is to be woken once again by Dame Nature's minstrels; and it is good to read of two measures that have just been taken to protect our winged friends.

One concerns the gulls. In Sussex volunteer patrols have been formed to search along the cliffs and beaches for seagulls that have been made helpless by oil on their feathers. When the rescuers find such birds they carry them to approved chemists for special treatment. But for this volunteer band the birds would die of starvation through having been made unable to fly or to hunt for food.

As already recorded in the C.N., the R.S.P.C.A. have provided a patrol in the Brighton district, and the police are also helping by supplying lethal boxes for the victims whose condition is too serious for recovery.

#### A Vicar's Timely Appeal

The other helping hand to the birds comes from the Vicar of Epsom in the form of a letter to the papers. Commenting on a suggestion to form a caged bird association in the district the vicar begs that, if such a society should be formed, it will definitely be limited to owners of birds that have been born and bred in captivity.

Canon Muir refers to the cruelty of capturing our wild English birds, and suggests that a visit to Club Row, the bird market in the East End, would convince any bird-lover of the sufferings of the captives. The letter ends by an appeal to everyone to discourage this unlovely traffic by not purchasing or owning any of our wild birds.

## MOTHER MARY

### Friend of Tramps

Mother Mary of Oldham, whose proper name is Mary Higgs, and who is known as the Quaker friend of tramps, has been keeping her 79th birthday.

In spite of her great age she is full of energy and vigour, works hard, and travels about the country, thinking nothing of a long train journey followed by a committee meeting or two! The committee meetings are usually about how best to help tramps on the road, both men and women.

Many years ago Mrs Higgs dressed as a tramp and spent a week "on the road," just to see how women tramps got on, what sort of people they were, how they got food, where they slept, and so on. She still runs a lodging-house for them in Oldham, and lives there herself.

Her latest idea, however, is to rescue young men from the roads, put them to live in a hostel while they learn to do agricultural or other kind of work, and then find them jobs. This good work is being done at Moore Place in Essex. Attached to the hostel are fifteen acres of land on which young men, who live together in a barn, are learning to earn their living by land work. Mrs Higgs travels from Oldham every month to see how they are getting on.

At her birthday party she told her friends that she had always made a rule of not looking back, but always pressing on to the things that lie ahead.

When she had cut the first slice of her birthday cake (which was lit with candles, seven large ones for the seventy years, nine little ones for the other nine) she passed the cake to her neighbour to cut the rest, and one of her old friends remarked: "That's like Mary Higgs. She has spent her life getting other people to do good works by herself setting the example."



## A DRIVER'S LEAP

The Golden Deed of  
Joseph Wright

### WHAT HE SAW FROM HIS BUS

A few days ago a bus bound for the East End of London stopped suddenly on Hammersmith Bridge.

The passengers thought that something must have gone wrong with the engine, for the driver, Joseph Wright, sprang from the driving seat. But to their surprise he climbed the parapet of the bridge and leaped into the water.

He had seen something disappearing over the parapet. The screams of two women who stood on the pavement made him guess that somebody had fallen into the river. When he pulled up and looked over he saw a man's head appear above the water for a second and then vanish. So it was that Joseph Wright threw off his coat, jumped twenty feet, and struck the water a few yards from a drowning man.

### First Swim For Six Years

It was the first time he had swum for six years and the water was icy cold, but he reached the man, who grabbed frantically at him and nearly pulled him under. Pushing his arm aside, the bus driver put his hand under the man's chin and started to swim toward a punt 50 yards away. They reached the punt, and the rescued man, who was a postman, was taken to hospital.

We are not told how the passengers reached their destinations, but it is good to know that the heroism of the driver, who is a married man with two children, was recognised, and that he was sent home to rest for the remainder of the day.

## THE MILK BUSINESS

### Idea For Public Control

The Ministry of Agriculture's special Commission to examine our milk industry has made a drastic report.

We are peculiarly fitted to produce milk in this country, yet our people do not drink enough of it; also they pay too much for the milk they buy, often poor stuff, especially in the country. The Commission proposes a Central Producers Board, working with twelve regional milk committees elected by registered milk producers.

The scheme proposed is that this Board should actually become the owner of all milk sold off farms unless it is retailed direct by the producers. This means that the Board must contract for all milk and become the chief intermediary between the milk producer and the milk consumer.

### Fair Play For Milk Farmers

The Commission reports that the milk producer has not been receiving a reasonable price, having regard to the retail price paid by the public. They believe that without the consumer paying any more the farmer should receive more.

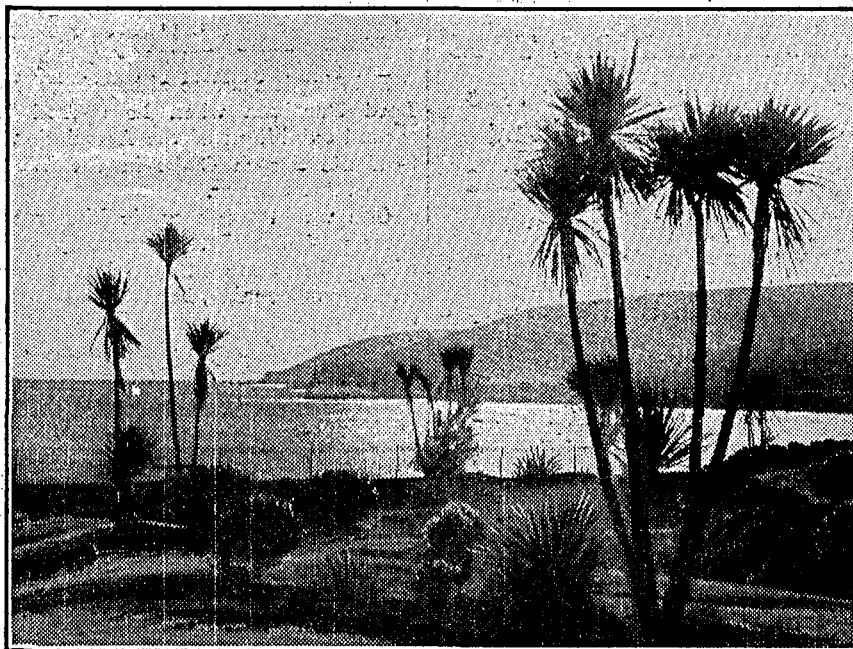
The scheme is, indeed, to protect the consumer while helping the producer. It is also to improve milk production by giving premiums for high quality, while veterinary surgeons are to inspect all cattle.

Then there is the important question of milk products, the production and marketing of which are to have special care from the authorities.

It is very remarkable that what the Commission suggests really amounts to the public control of the great milk industry.

In addition to a Central Producers Board, which would have power to buy and sell milk and to trade generally, it is recommended that there should also be a Central Dairymen's Board and a Joint Milk Council, with power to fix prices and so protect the customer.

## APPEARANCES ARE DECEPTIVE



Cornwall—It would be an excusable error to say that this picture shows a scene by the Mediterranean. The photograph was taken this month on the Cornish Riviera at Penzance.



Wales—Pack mules send the thoughts to Sunny Spain or even South America. Those shown in this picture, however, are to be seen at Crickhowell in South Wales, where they are used for transporting lime from the mountains to the railway.



Gibraltar—In spite of the familiar appearance of the policemen this is not an English scene. It shows a parade of policemen on the Rock of Gibraltar, where the uniform is identical with that of the London police.

## GENEVA

### SOMETHING MOVES?

Great Hope That Disarmament  
May Be Speeded Up

### FROM TALKING TO DOING

By Our League Correspondent

We who watch the Disarmament Conference at close range in Geneva do see signs, not only of past progress, but of present possibilities which give us hope.

We realise first of all that it has moved; Captain Eden of the British Foreign Office has played his part in this. It has moved from timidly contemplating a reduction of 10 per cent to boldly accepting the principle of 33 per cent (on the part of 30 countries). It has moved from being unwilling to submit to international supervision to acknowledging that it is indispensable. It has moved from the idea of reducing only quantities of armaments to including quality—weapons of attack. It has moved from rigidly holding to the Treaty of Versailles to admitting equality of status to vanquished States. It has moved nations outside the League to recognise the necessity of common action in face of common danger. Now it is moving on to the treaty which must form the conclusion to the present conference and the starting-point for the next.

### Speeches Coming to an End

Speeches are still being made, but we think they are coming to an end. Even the Conference itself grows weary of them. One after another of the delegates had his say until M. Paul-Boncour made his supreme effort to get the French plan accepted as a basis for discussion. But he did not succeed. Though some States support it, neither Italy nor Germany is in favour. They evidently agree with the general opinion that, though it contains many good points, it is not really a plan for disarmament at all.

So not one of the many plans already presented is really acceptable, and there is an idea that, when the right moment comes, Mr Henderson may pull one out of his pocket, not just another plan, but the draft of a final treaty. Sitting there in his presidential chair through all these long long meetings he has listened to this, that, and the other plan; and who is to say what has been passing in his mind? Why not a gathering together of all the good points in each, the useful ideas in the many speeches, which with the help of advisers may be combined into a first draft which all delegations might be disposed to accept?

The great value of this would be that something definite would be placed on the table before them to which each Government would have to say yes or no.

## DESPAIR'S LAST JOURNEY

### Tragedy of a Water-Hole

From Australia comes a tragic story of an Irishman to whom the sight of a tap with gushing water would have been as welcome as the first glimpse of the Brook Cherith was to Elijah.

Not long ago John Gallagher, who had been working as a stockman in Western Australia, was travelling in the desert. While camping it is believed that his three horses broke their hobbles, and he was left stranded and alone in a waterless district hundreds of miles from civilisation.

Half crazed with thirst, he set out on an almost hopeless search for water.

When he had been missing for some time a party of searchers found his tracks. He had made a tortuous journey across the sun-baked desert and had eventually reached a water-hole, only to find it had been dried up by the drought. His despair can only be imagined. Here and there the searchers found a discarded garment Gallagher had taken off as he was gradually overcome by the heat. He must have been too exhausted to go farther, and had sunk down and waited for death beside the water-hole from which he had so eagerly hoped to obtain the elixir of life.



## ROAD-RAIL PROBLEM STRAIGHTENING IT OUT

Government To Adopt the  
Great Salter Report

### SAVING TIME AND MONEY

Great satisfaction will be felt that the Government is at last going to give effect to some of the recommendations of the Salter Report on Road and Rail Transport which was issued so long ago as last August.

Seeing that the Report was unanimous on the part of the Railway and Road representatives on the Committee it is surprising that no steps have been taken before.

This Committee was appointed under the chairmanship of Sir Arthur Salter to establish what would be a fair basis of competition and division of function between the transport of goods by rail and the transport of goods by road.

#### Give and Take

By a process of give-and-take the members came to an agreed decision on all points. Here are the chief points which the Government will have to carry through Parliament either by a Bill or through the Budget.

By striking averages from the amount spent on petrol, and the number of miles covered by each ton of typical vehicles, the Committee came to the conclusion that out of the £60,000,000 spent on the roads each year £23,500,000 should be obtained from the taxation of commercial vehicles and the rest from all other mechanical vehicles. Motor-vehicles will make no contribution to the capital cost of the existing roads, the rates and taxes which their owners pay, in common with everybody else, being set against it.

#### A Queer Anomaly

This division of payment means that commercial vehicles will in future have to contribute £2,500,000 more a year, and a scale was proposed by which all lorries over a ton and a half should pay a higher tax, increasing in a steep gradient with the weight of the vehicle because it has been found that the heavy vehicles damage the roads out of all proportion to their weight. By a queer anomaly all vehicles over five tons pay the same duty today, the tonnage being beyond the imagination of the men who fixed the present scale.

This body is wiser, and only gives a term of five years for their scale to stand without revision.

In connection with the road problem two reliefs are to be granted to the railways: first that bridges over their tracks should be taken over and repaired by the road authorities (for which all motorists will be very thankful); secondly, that the legal obligation on railways to publish rates for their road carriage should not be necessary unless their road competitors are made to do so in future.

#### Against the National Interest

The Committee recommended that all owners of motors for goods should be licensed. This licence must depend on the driver receiving reasonable wages and being subject to proper conditions of service, and also on the vehicle being fit for its work. Special plates should be fixed to each vehicle stating its unladen weight and its maximum load.

Those using vehicles for the conveyance of their own goods should receive these licences freely, but should not convey other people's goods beyond a ten-mile radius.

The Committee supports the recommendation of the previous Royal Commission on Transport, that it is against the national interest for more heavy goods traffic to be diverted from the

## AMUSING FROGS AT THE ZOO

LIKE MECHANICAL TOYS

The Chinese Alligator Who  
Wouldn't Stop Fighting

### HUMILIATION OF HAI LUNG

By Our Zoo Correspondent

Two newcomers to the Zoo may easily be suspected of having been smuggled into the Reptile House by a practical joker.

They are examples of the horned crying-frog from Brazil, a creature which looks like a mechanical toy.

His body, which is about seven inches long and five wide, looks as if it is made of indiarubber, and his colouring consists of bold patches of pink and green, while above each prominent eye is a grotesque horn.

#### Furiously Indignant

But it is the frog's behaviour that completes the illusion. In common with most giant frogs this South American species inflate themselves when angry, and the Zoo's two new specimens are so easily upset that merely lifting them out of their cage makes them furiously indignant. When placed on the floor they promptly inflate themselves to their fullest extent. They open their mouths and utter a series of loud squeals, taking a number of little hops backward and forward.

As their indignation subsides they gradually deflate themselves, their squeals die away, and their hopping becomes less and less energetic, until at last the whole performance comes to an end, just as if the mechanism had run down.

Another event in the Reptile House is that Hai Lung, the Chinese alligator, now knows the humiliation of being beaten in battle.

For some time this alligator has been trying to rival George, the 12-foot centenarian American alligator, as the Zoo's most accomplished fighter, and although Hai Lung is only about six feet long he had become a dreaded bully.

#### A Brave Colleague

Zoo alligators and crocodiles are grouped according to size, owing to their habit of fighting, and a few months ago Hai Lung was sharing a pond with creatures of his own size. But he snapped at them all so unmercifully that it was decided to move him to another pond.

There the same thing happened, and he was moved again.

Eventually he was sent back to his old home. At once he began to bully his companions as before. But, alas for Hai Lung, one of the crocodiles had grown in size and strength during his absence, and this animal turned on the bully and snapped in revenge.

Seeing the example of their brave colleague all the other crocodiles and alligators in the pond rushed to take sides with the crocodile, with the result that Hai Lung was soon so badly bitten that he was greatly relieved when the keeper came to his rescue.

Hai Lung now lives with small relatives, but is too depressed to try to bully them.

Continued from the previous column

railways to the roads and that consequently it should be prohibited.

Collaboration between the two groups of carriers is strongly advocated and an increasing use of containers, with a revision of the rate system which is so hampering to the railways.

The road for short distances and the rail for long seems to be the ideal for trade, and round the conference table the representatives of the competing interests realised that by working together they could save time and money for everybody.

## PICTURES DOWN EAST

A Look At Whitechapel's  
Art Gallery

Painting is a source of happiness, said Lord Burnham when he opened the second exhibition of the Association of Students Sketch Clubs in the Whitechapel Art Gallery.

One would think so, looking round these packed walls. How many yards of happiness are measured here, and endeavour, courage, hard work—all the qualities that go to make a good life!

There are thirteen clubs included in the exhibition, most of them connected with Polytechnic schools: Battersea, Bolt Court, Camberwell, L.C.C. Central, Chelsea, Croydon, Goldsmiths, Heatherley's, Hornsey, Regent Street, South London, the Working Men's College, and Wimbledon. In all they have sent in 466 works.

There are many competitions, and seven well-known artists acted as judges. But there was none of the bitter disappointment so often entailed in competitions. If some of the clubs got awards, still, all members were showing their work, and that is an award in itself. All workers long for recognition, and these proud honours pinned on the wall give the students an added impetus and desire for further recognition.

#### Out of School

Sketch clubs are delightful societies. They take students out of school to work as they like, and generally in the open air. They create friendly rivalries and give their members an opportunity of seeing how others have tackled a difficult problem.

There is a great variety of work shown in the exhibition. Some is merely fantastic and conceited and makes one smile and sigh. But in the main it is a great comfort to see how many of these students can really draw. Quite a number of the students have learned the golden lesson of sketch clubs—that if it does not look right in the drawing it will never look right in the painting.

These yards of happiness on the gallery walls have been cut off, so to speak, in odd places—in back streets, one's own fireside, in farms, barns, byres, riversides, gardens, seas, places at home and abroad. Some have come from those secret regions of the mind where the loveliest things dwell.

People who can paint, and those who are learning and those who long to learn, will do well to go to this exhibition, free to all, in the Whitechapel Road.

### THE C.N. AT LUNCH

Last Sunday at a luncheon party in a tall London house the conversation turned on newspapers. Probably it was about their gloominess, for it led to a voice saying to the assembled company: "Does anybody know the Children's Newspaper?"

Our Town Girl, who happened to be sitting opposite the Voice, looked at the speaker and noticed that she had quite a C.N. look, and she answered "I do."

"Not as well as I do, I'm quite sure," said the speaker, going on to say that from the first copy she had read every word from cover to cover, even to Jacko.

"I had taken in Punch and the C.N.," she explained, "up to the time I was married, and before I married I said to my husband that, whatever came to pass, he must promise that we should continue to have the C.N. all our lives. Now, when I have read it through, I send it to a friend in Belfast. When she has finished it she posts it to a little village in Argyllshire to the village postman, and he, having read it, distributes it round the village."

One can imagine the C.N., by this time distinctly travel-worn, but still cheerful of heart, finally coming to rest in a wee cottage among the mists and hills of Bonnie Scotland.

## OUR TOWNS WILL BE SMALLER

POPULATION OF  
ENGLAND FALLING

Some of the Consequences of  
the Very Low Birth-Rate

### AN OLD MAN AND HIS BOY

The Registrar-General tells us that in 1932 the birth-rate in England and Wales was the lowest on record.

For every thousand persons in the country little more than 15 children were born.

It is now true that the number of children born is not big enough to replace the older generation. Therefore the time will soon come when the population will fall.

The consequences are shown in the great fall in the number of children attending school. Not many years ago there were not school-places enough for the children; soon there will be far too many school-places.

Other extraordinary consequences are already following. Manchester, for example, now sees that it is not necessary to make the provision it once thought necessary for the future of its water supply, for soon Manchester will be smaller, and not larger.

#### What Landowners Should Do

The fact that the population must fall is so difficult to grasp that a great many of our ideas have become obsolete. For example, there are plenty of landowners round our towns who still fancy that in future they will be able to obtain enormous prices for their land, because of town growth. *The very contrary is the case.* The towns will decrease in size and the value of the land will accordingly fall. Wise landowners, therefore, should take the opportunity to take what price they can get, while they can get it.

By way of curious contrast we may refer to the case of a well-known jockey who has just died at the age of nearly 105 years. He had no less than 32 children, the oldest of whom survives him and is 70. What a strange feeling it must be to be over a hundred years old and to have a boy who is an old man. Such large families are now becoming rare. In hundreds of thousands of cases there are no children at all.

### 80 TOYS IN ONE

Boy and girl scientists will soon be as plentiful as blackberries in September, for the schoolmaster's wonderful educational toy, called Construments, is proving one of the best toys of our time.

It is on view at the Popular Scientific Exhibition at 18, Gray's Inn Road, London, and in many shops throughout the country, and consists of an outfit of lenses, screws, lamps, lamp-holders, slides, and other interchangeable parts which can be fitted together to make more than 80 models.

With these many strange and exciting experiments can be made.

We imagine that it is likely to be used in schools as well as in playrooms, for many simple scientific, optical, and photographic instruments can be made from it which are costly to buy.

At one moment we can watch through a microscope the mites in cheese dust or a drop of pond water swarming with moving organisms. These pictures can also be thrown on to the screen by a magic lantern made of Construments. It is an easy matter to change the microscope into a kaleidoscope, an electric lamp photo-printer, or a shadow-scope. More than a dozen kinds of cameras can be made, and several magic lanterns, a photo copier and enlarger, and so on. The instruction book is packed with suggestions of delightful things to be made with this most ingenious device.



## NEPTUNE AT ITS NEAREST

### A LONELY WORLD

Where Years Are Long and Days Are Short

### LAYERS OF CLOUD

By the C.N. Astronomer

On February 27 the far-off world of Neptune will be at its nearest for this year, about 2712 million miles away.

Although invisible to the naked eye its place in the heavens may be easily found with the aid of last week's star-map. This shows Neptune's position relative to the brilliant and readily found planets Mars and Jupiter, together with the small star Rho.

Now if Neptune's exact position is known it becomes possible to glimpse it through powerful field-glasses or a telescope with at least a two-inch object glass. The position of Neptune is therefore shown in the star-map here as it will appear in the field-of-view of the glasses, with the other faint stars indicated relative to Neptune.

But only those three stars marked Rho, 48, and 53 are perceptible to the unaided eye; the others can be seen only through the glasses. The faintest are about as bright as Neptune, and will be only just perceptible in a very dark and clear sky.

The arrow indicates the motion of Neptune and the extent it will appear to travel during the next two months. So with sufficient optical power it will be easy to identify Neptune by watching its slow progress among the faint stars. Thus it takes 164½ years to travel over its long orbit of 8600 million miles. So none of us can hope to see Neptune complete its year by returning to the same region of the heavens; it has, in fact, only travelled over a little more than half its orbit since it was discovered in 1846.

To live on a world with a year as long as this suggests a dull seasonal sameness, and with the Sun appearing like an intensely brilliant star, and without a perceptible disc, one wonders if anything exciting can ever happen in the short twilight days of Neptune, for the heat and light received at noon-day are 900 times less than we receive from the Sun.

So cold would it be that the elements we are familiar with as gases would have become fluids and solids, yet Neptune appears to be enveloped in cloud or, in other words, gases and vapours, which suggest far from frigid conditions below the cloud layers.

### The Earth Would Be Missing

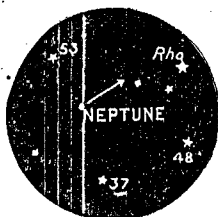
There are other indications that Neptune may be warmed by its own internal heat which its dense cloud-laden atmosphere would tend to retain, but what is taking place beneath those clouds no one knows.

As it would take 3095 years to reach Neptune by speeding continuously at 100 miles an hour in some magic or super-aeroplane there is little prospect of finding out on the spot. Should we get as far we would find a world 72 times the size of our own, and see the starry heavens just as we see them on Earth, the same constellations and star groups with no perceptible difference.

But the Earth would be missing, quite invisible and lost, together with Mars, Venus, and Mercury, of course. Even the great planets Jupiter and Saturn would only appear as insignificant stars, while Uranus would not be so well seen as from the Earth.

What a lonely world Neptune must be!

G. F. M.



The position of Neptune as seen in good field-glasses. The arrow shows the planet's motion for the next two months.

## IGNORANCE ON A KING'S MONUMENT

Tobias Rustat's Statue of James Stuart

### WHAT IS WRONG WITH GOOD ENGLISH?

We were speaking of Public Mistakes the other day.

Here is another which has appeared on a public monument for over 200 years. It is in the Latin inscription on the statue of James the Second by Grinling Gibbons, which old Tobias Rustat gave in 1686. Instead of *Dei Gratia Rex* we read *Dei Gratiae Rex*, which every schoolboy knows is wrong for *King by the grace of God*.

The statue is between the Admiralty Arch and Horse Guards Parade. We wonder if it was a mistake of the donor, who was an uneducated man, though the son of a clergyman. His father was so poor that he apprenticed his boy very young to a barber-surgeon in London. Tobias Rustat was so willing and conscientious that he was invited to become a servant of Lord Denbigh, who introduced him to Charles Stuart.

### What is Wrong With English?

The King made him the servant of the Prince of Wales, and he became a devoted adherent of the Stuarts until his death in 1694. A frugal man, he acquired great wealth, which he gave to churches, hospitals, and colleges.

Jesus College, Cambridge, where he lies, received from him 17 scholarships for the sons of poor clergymen; for, remembering his own lack of learning, he wished to help those who were in his own unhappy plight.

Can it have been the respect his contemporary scholars had for this good and honest old man which made them shy of altering the inscription on his royal gift? Or is it that those in charge of these things knew no better?

In any case, it is one more example of the stupidity of putting a foreign language on English monuments. *What is wrong with English?* At least, good English is better than bad Latin.

## C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards, and sent to C.N. Question Box, John Carpenter House, Whitefriars, London, E.C.4, one question on each card, with name and address.

### How Much Metal Was Used to Build the Eiffel Tower?

The weight is usually given as 7300 tons, or about 7,400,000 kilogrammes. (In a recent C.N., by a slip of the pen, the word tons was used instead of kilogrammes.)

### What is the Origin of the Term to Break Bread?

The breaking of bread is a frequent scriptural term (Luke 24, 35; Acts 2, 42 and 46), and takes us back to the institution of the Holy Communion.

### Why Was the Plaintiff in Old Actions For Ejectment Called John Doe?

Before 1852 if, say, Thomas Jones wished to claim freehold land in the possession of John Smith, he brought an action for ejectment. As such an action could only be brought by a leaseholder, he created, with the consent of the judges, a fictitious lease to 'John Doe,' and brought his action in that name against John Smith. The name was chosen as a matter of convenience, as was Richard Roe for the defendant tenant.

### How Did De Valera Become President of the League of Nations Council?

The League Council, representing 14 countries, meets three times a year and has a different President for each meeting, the countries taking their turn in French alphabetical order to fill the office. It happened to be Ireland's turn when the Council last met, and De Valera chose to take up the office himself. He thus had the opportunity of opening the Assembly, which always falls to the lot of whoever is President of the Council during September, when the Assembly is held.

## THERE IS WORK ENOUGH TO DO

### LET US GET IT DONE

Another Mayor Who Shows the Government the Way

### GOOD NEWS FROM BRISTOL

Going on until things right themselves may be the policy of the Government in dealing with the unemployment problem, but the man in the street has other views.

All over the country he is giving a lead to our politicians by making experiments of his own and proving that the terrible problem of our age is not hopeless.

Here is an example of a mayor's practical sympathy which has brought hope to nearly 300 miners who would have had an outlook of blackness and despair, perhaps for years, if they had put their trust in politicians.

### The Mayor's Discovery

They were working at the Speedwell Colliery, Bristol, and a few days before Christmas they were all given notice, as the mine was exhausted. This was terrible news, but the mayor, instead of being merely sorry for the men, did all in his power to help them in their distress. He went off immediately to inquire into the facts, and discovered that there was an inaccessible seam of coal which could be reached if tunnels were dug to reach it. The work would cost £4000, but it would employ about 150 men for 18 weeks, and once the tunnels were dug there would be work for three or four years for all the men who had been thrown out of work.

He pleaded with the mine owners to keep the men on while he tried to raise the money. They agreed to do so, and promised to contribute £1000 if the other £3000 could be raised by a certain date.

### A Great Example

It was a difficult task, but when the day came over £2000 had been collected, and the owners kept the pit open for one week more. There must have been great excitement in the town, for so much depended on the raising of the money. Rich and poor alike sent gifts to the fund to keep nearly 300 men from being unemployed, and we are delighted to hear that every penny of the £3000 needed was subscribed in time.

It is only one of many great examples which we hope are having their influence on the Government which proudly calls itself National.

## WHO WAS WILLIAM HARVEY?

Born Folkestone, Kent, April 1, 1578.  
Died London, June 3, 1657

The discoverer of the circulation of the blood came of good old Kentish yeoman stock, and was given the advantage of a first-class education, not only in England, but in Italy, where the schools of medicine were already famous, and where he was privileged to hear Galileo and Fabricius of Aquapendente.

Many minds were concentrating on the problem of the blood, but to Harvey alone is due the credit for demonstrating that the perpetual motion of the blood in a circle is produced by the beat of the heart.

The great discovery was announced informally in discourses before the College of Physicians in their lecture-hall at Knightrider Street, near St Paul's, and the manuscripts of the lectures are still preserved at the British Museum.

For some years after his return from the Continent Harvey acted as physician to St Bartholomew's Hospital, where he had as salary the sum of £33 6s 8d a year and no residence.

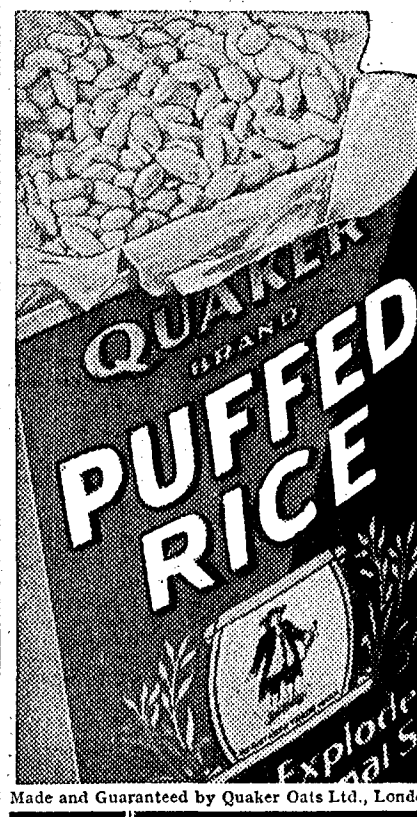
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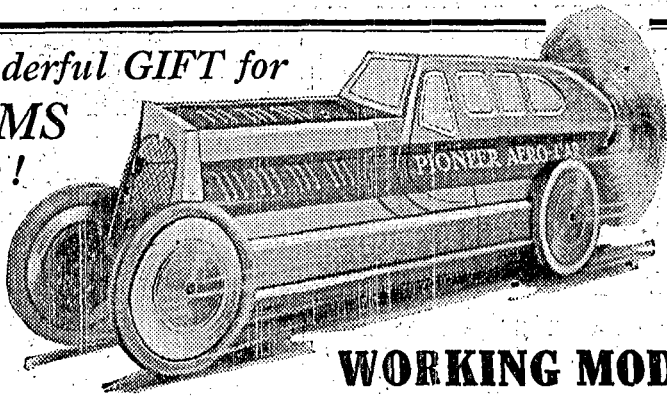
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## Great Discovery of Ancient Palaces

### A FIRE MADE BY ALEXANDER THE GREAT

Beautiful Panel of Sculptured  
Pictures a Thousand Feet Long

#### REMAINS OF A MEAL OF SIX THOUSAND YEARS AGO

WHAT might be called the cradle and the funeral pyre of the ancient Persian Empire have been excavated for the last two years by an expedition from the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago.

They lie within two miles of each other, a Stone Age village of about 4000 B.C., containing the earliest-known prehistoric art of the civilisation which ended in the palaces of Persepolis, whose ruins on a gigantic neighbouring terrace were the other object of the expedition.

#### Earliest Known Windows

The Stone Age village lay under a mound only ten to twelve feet high, which, on being opened out, disclosed the mud walls of houses and a little narrow street running the whole length of the settlement. In some places the walls are six or seven feet high, while in others the excavators could look over the top into these most ancient of houses. They peeped through the earliest-known windows in the world, and to their amazement saw mural decorations in red ochre still discernible on the inside.

Standing about on the floors were household utensils of pottery, fireplaces with burned clay fire-dogs, vessels still containing the remains of food. In some of the dishes were flint knives last used at a meal six thousand years ago. The exquisite designs painted on the pottery are said by Dr Herzfeld, leader of the expedition, to mark a new chapter in the history of prehistoric art, far exceeding in beauty and age the crude potsherds of the Stone Age that have been discovered in Babylonia.

#### Stupendous Architecture

All round are evidences of the links between this art and its highest evolution, the magnificent palaces of the Emperors, whose ruins stand near by on the mighty terrace of Persepolis, overlooking the plain of Mervdasht and backed by a mountain range. The whole architectural plan was stupendous. Spurs of the mountain range were levelled to form this giant platform, fifty feet high, 1500 feet long, and 900 feet broad. The Throne of Jamshid it is called, a name which Omar Khayyam the Persian poet has made ring in our memory with

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep  
The courts where Jamshid gloried and drank  
deep:  
And Bahram, that great hunter—the wild ass,  
Stamps o'er his head, but cannot break his  
sleep.

And with Omar Khayyam we

Think, in this battered caravanserai  
Whose portals are alternate night and day,  
How Sultan after Sultan with his pomp  
Abode his destined hour, and went his way.

A double staircase of shallow steps  
cut out of enormous blocks of stone leads  
up to the terrace. Four winged bulls  
surmount the porch, and then we are  
among the ruins of the Emperor's

palaces, with here and there a wonderful bit of carving or a sculptured column from the Hall of a Hundred Columns.

Much of this glory has been known and studied for years, but Dr Herzfeld's expedition has unearthed more wonders, the finest of all consisting of a series of wall carvings which, if set together, would form a great panel of reliefs about six feet high and no less than 1000 feet long.

These glorious palaces of Persepolis, the capital and treasure-house of the Persian Empire, had walls of sun-dried brick, but the colonnaded halls, the windows, and the great doors were of black stone polished like ebony, and on this black stone the reliefs are carved.

A large group of Persian and Median officials stands with the brilliantly uniformed palace guards of the Persian Emperor, footmen, horsemen, and charioteers, all drawn up at one side to receive the ambassadors of twenty subject-nations, who approach from the other side bearing their tribute to Persia.

#### Beauty and Exquisite Detail

The craftsmanship displays unparalleled beauty and exquisite detail, even to the chariot wheels. The very nail fixed in each axle outside the hub to prevent the wheel coming off is shown in detail. The upper half of the nail is a beautifully modelled figure, carved with the delicacy of a cameo in a space not as big as a postage-stamp.

Originally these reliefs were brilliant with colour, but all has gone save for one fragment showing the Emperor in scarlet and purple; somehow the pile of rubbish has preserved him from destruction all these centuries.

Had it not been for the crumbling of the mud-brick walls and the covering they formed the carvings themselves could not have been saved, but the sand and earth protected them from vandalism and the ravages of the weather since that night, nearly 2300 years ago, when, it is said, the 26-year-old conqueror from Macedonia, Alexander the Great, in the midst of a drunken frenzy, set fire to one of the palaces.

#### World Centre of Culture

The crash of the burning palace wrecked for ever most of the works of art which made the palaces of Persepolis the great world centre of culture and civilisation under the Persian Empire.

That was 330 years before Christianity came. When the Moslems overflowed into this region in the 7th and 8th centuries of the Christian Era they battered to pieces the heads and faces of the sculptured figures still above ground; but the sculptures now discovered by the Oriental Institute escaped their notice because of the protecting heaps of ruin. No other works of ancient Persian art have ever been found in such perfect preservation.

## WHO WANTS A THRONE?

IN the palace of the King of Persia stands a beautiful throne, made of diamonds and pearls and constructed in the shape of a peacock. The tail is stretched, showing the inlaid stones to great effect.

The king sits on the back of the bird, his feet resting on pedestals which match and are beautiful in colour and design.

This famous throne was built by Shah Jehan, the great Mogul Emperor who built the world-famous Taj-Mahal at Agra. He is said to have spent no less a sum than eight million pounds on it, and in 1650 had it placed in the private audience chamber in the palace at Delhi.

Nearly 90 years afterwards it was carried away by Nadir Shah, the Persian king who was the last foreign invader of India and the most heartless and avaricious. Nadir Shah not only massacred thousands of people, but carried away portable wealth amounting to 87 million pounds.

The present King of Persia is stated to be willing to sell the Peacock Throne for six million pounds if a buyer could be found.

The money would be well spent for some useful purpose which would benefit the people; but, at the present time, who is going to pay the price?

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# TWENTY GOOD SHIPS

Serial Story by  
Gunby Hadath

## CHAPTER 45

### Face to Face

THE day had broken. For Mr Deedwinnick and Captain Ben and their parties it broke bitterly, in an irony beyond words.

Ambushed by the enemy who had been watching them, surrounded before they could lay a hand on their weapons, hurried through a mountain pass to the other side of the island and a sheltered bay which they now beheld for the first time, herded in a guarded pen for the night, they had nothing to reflect upon but their rashness, and nothing to anticipate but Vacca's worst.

"If only——!" Oh, no wonder the Squire harked back! If only he had been less impetuous, more cautious; if only he had refused to take it for granted that they had the island to themselves; if only it had even entered his head that their enemies might be entrenched behind that high mountain; if only he had sent the brigantine round to prospect the other side directly they had come; if only his mind had not been so full of the pearls; if only, in short, he had looked before he had leaped! The which broodings sent his memory wryly to Miles Maravin—who was thinking of little else save the Guadeloupe Inn.

Indeed, throughout that tense night while they lay in their bonds the thoughts of the little party had gone different roads. Tom Honeyman's had wandered away to his "pepper-pot"; Gannett's to his bunk on The Dancing Nan; those of the other two deckhands to slumber's oblivion. But Captain Ben's thoughts had travelled straight off to Jim; and Mr Deedwinnick, although "if only" persisted in gnawing, had begun to speculate on The Thankful Heart and a last-minute rescue.

But the flush of day was to make shipwreck of this hope as well, for it showed them their brigantine at rest in the bay with Vacca's motor-launch derisively under her counter and his long black schooner, re-rigged, at less than a biscuit-toss. So Ajax Runnell had fallen into their hands, and with his few men was doubtless held prisoner aboard. The Squire could have gnashed his teeth in his rage.

Last night when they were taken, just as the sun fell, they had none of them caught much glance of Vacca himself. But now, after they had been given something to eat, their guards announced that Vacca was ready to speak with them. With their wrists bound and ringed by ruffians heavily armed, they were marched to the beach; and while Cap'n Ben was taking a quiet stock of their enemies, and counting at least a round dozen with several natives, the Squire kept his haughty gaze on the man whom he had come from the other end of the world to encounter and against whom he was standing at last face to face.

He was seated on an upturned cask under a tree, a gun across his knees, the beach spread below him. A big-jowled fellow of sallow, unhealthy features, whose underlip projected from his loose mouth, with the flesh bulging grossly above the neck of his collarless shirt, and muddy, sordid eyes which he turned on the Squire.

"So here we are, then, Mr Deedwinnick," said he. "But where's the lad?"

And he turned to a dark-visaged fellow who stood at his side.

The man leaned down to whisper but Vacca repulsed him.

"Speak out," he growled, "drat you! Don't you know it isn't manners to whisper in company, and what's more there aren't any secrets, I hope, betwixt friends. As these gentlemen"—he sent a nod toward the Squire—"as these gentlemen and myself will be very shortly." His gaze had passed down the line of his prisoners, and paused. "That one-armed rascal?" he asked. "You brought him in, didn't you, Pedro?"

"We did," the other said sullenly.

"Then why isn't he here?"

"It seems he hurt himself a bit in the scuffle. So we've moved him aboard the schooner——"

"Aye, kill or cure, amigo," interposed Vacca. "And that black man who gave us the slip?"

"They haven't got him yet, but I lay Lutz will find him!"

"Oh, Lutz be hanged for a laggard," Vacca said carelessly.

Yet one pair of eyes at least marked those muddy ones puzzling. They belonged to Cap'n Ben, who took a step forward.

"What have you done with my lad, you foul thief?" he shouted.

Vacca contemplated him a moment in a sour silence. Then he passed his gun to his friend and leaned forward a little.

"You can stow that, Babbage," he uttered, "and we'll get down to business, which won't be helped by calling each other hard names. Lutz will be taking care of your lad, right enough; and meanwhile we've come together to do a square deal." He cleared his throat and looked at Mr Deedwinnick. "A square deal, Mr Deedwinnick! Is that good enough?"

"What kind of a deal did you give my son Mark?" said the Squire.

"Your son was a fool, sir," rapped Vacca, with the first little whiff of temper which he had shown. "And none but a fool is responsible for a fool's folly. But you're no fool, Mr Deedwinnick! And I'm a plain trader, who takes his risks where he finds them and looks for his profit. So now, I repeat, we had better get down to business."

"You're the first plain trader I've ever met," said the Squire, "who ties his customer's arms before he starts trading!"

"Oh, that!" laughed Vacca. "Come, I'll free your arms in an instant if you will give me your word of honour not to attack us."

"My what?" said the Squire.

"Your word of honour," said Vacca.

"You outnumber us," said the Squire.

"And you're armed. We are not."

Vacca laughed again.

"Oh, all right!" he said. "You pledge me your word."

And he signed to one of the men to unbind the Squire.

But Mr Deedwinnick motioned him back, with a smile.

"My friend," he said to the man in a grave, measured tone, and much as though he were discoursing on his own hearth, "it ill becomes a gentleman to pledge his honour before he shall have considered where he is pledging it. A gentleman's honour is not come by so lightly that he shall offer it in pawn to any who ask. For, mark 'ee, there are those who may lose it in pledge, and others there are whose touch shall grievously soil it. Therefore, no gentleman who hath dainty care for his honour would put it in pledge, my friend, with such as your master."

## CHAPTER 46

### Vacca's Offer

THE ruffians had heard him through in almost a stupor, nor could they now remove their gaze from the man, standing there so straightly in his fine fashion, his every tone making dirt of the rogue whom they followed. Standing there as though he were the conqueror, Vacca his captive, and his life hanging on a thread that might snap any moment.

"I am ready," he uttered, "to hear what you have to say, Vacca."

Vacca, who had swallowed the home-thrusts in silence, though his pendulous lower lip had dropped lower and lower and a little colour had shown in his sallow cheeks, now recovered himself by rapping out a coarse oath and forcing up a laugh to keep it some company.

"Well, I bear you no malice, Mr Deedwinnick," he grunted, "and in token, here goes! As you won't pledge your word, I'll pledge you." And, drawing a flask from his pocket, he unscrewed the cap. "Here's good health," he muttered, and tipped back his head while he drank. "Your good health, Mr Deedwinnick!" He put the flask back. "For, by heavens, you'll need it," he roared, "unless we do business!"

The Squire gave him a bow.

"Ah! That square deal?" he observed.

"Aye, and here it is. No man could say straighter." Vacca was rubbing his hands.

"Nor fairer," he added. "You and I, Mr Deedwinnick, go shares in this island."

"And the pearls?" said the Squire, with the slightest lift of the eyebrows.

"Fifty-fifty in pearls and island and all. Half for you and half for me. There! That's handsome!"

"And my brigantine?" said the Squire, with peculiar composure.

"That goes in the pot with my schooner, to become our common property; by which, you'll allow, you get the best of the bargain, for my schooner is worth a sight more than your brigantine. But we'll need a pearling fleet, and I'm not one to niggle."

"By which I take it that your motor-launch also goes into the pot?"

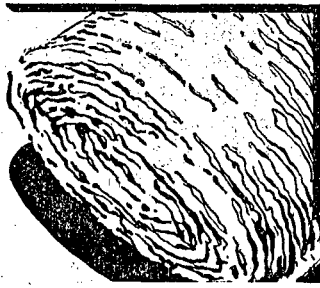
"I'll think over that," said Vacca.

"What's your exchange for it?"

"Why," said the Squire, with the air of one deeply considering, "that I undertake to secure a lease of the island?"

Continued on the next page

An all-British cereal



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"Aye, good enough! You undertake to do that. You lease it in the name of yourself and your partner. And keep the blessed show British for all that I care. That's a dandy flag you were flying. Let it float, Squire!"

"And the island's name?"

Vacca shrugged.

"Call it what you like, Squire! That's naught to me. If you've christened it I'll stand its godfather."

"Very kind of you," said the Squire in a staid tone. "The gracious lady and gentleman after whom I have christened it will be proud indeed to hear that you have stood godfather." He let his eyes rest musingly on the other's. "And my friends?" he inquired quietly. "What about them?"

"This mob you've hired?" said Vacca.

"Aye, my hired—er—mob, Vacca?"

The Portuguese filled his pipe and lighted it slowly.

"Your friends," he answered, tossing the match on the sand. "I was never one to press hard upon honest fellows, so here's the terms you and I will strike for your friends. We'll pay them their wages to date and ship them to 'Frisco with enough in their pockets to buy a fair passage home." He regarded the silent party. "What say, lads?" he urged. "If that ain't handsome treatment tell me what is! Aye, considering there's one among you who riddled my ship like a sieve with a blamed quick gun that was never a gentleman's weapon. But I harbour no grudges—not I! That's not Newton Vacca. So clap a name on aught else you want within reason. A bonus, say you? I'll tack you on a hundred dollars apiece!" And he sent a great hearty laugh ringing down to the water; he seemed to exude good fellowship from every pore.

"Handsome is as handsome does," Miles Maravin's rumble. "And by your leave—"

But Mr Deedwinnick resumed. "Now, Mr Vacca, the pearls? They are black pearls, I fancy. It sticks in my mind that my friends should have some part in those."

"Not they, sir. Not on your life! Except from your own share, and you do what you choose with that," said Vacca hilariously. He half rose and stretched out his hand. "Now, is it a bargain?"

Continued in the last column

## JACKO GOES TOO FAR

Jacko's big sister Belinda was very unhappy; she had lost her pet dog. She could talk of nothing else for days.

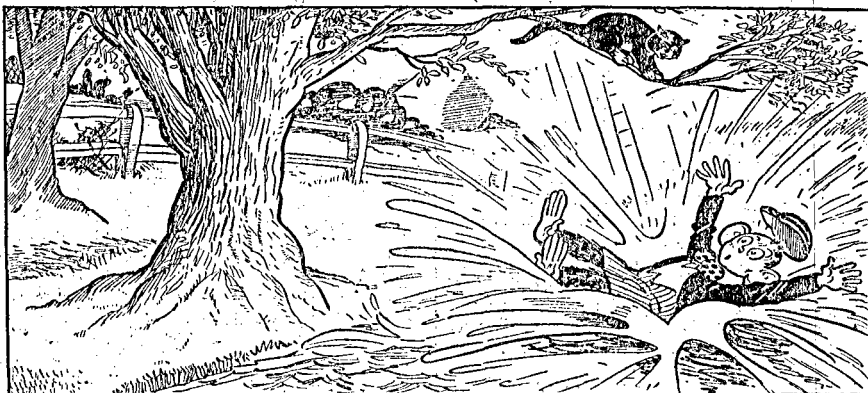
Father Jacko said she ought to be ashamed of herself to make such a fuss about a dog. "Get another," he said; "there are plenty of 'em about."

"Oh, that's all right," said Chimp.

"We've got to get rid of 'em."

Not long after Jacko ran out of the house with the prettiest of the kittens tucked under his coat.

He went home by way of the towpath, and as he went along he stopped for a



With a splash he was in

But Belinda wouldn't hear of it. "Nothing," she declared, "could ever take the place of her darling Bibi."

Which Jacko said was "rot." He went off to tell Chimp all about it.

"Pooh!" said Chimp. "Women are always soft about their pets. You should hear the way my Mater goes on about our cat."

"I don't think much of cats," said Jacko. "Too slow."

"The creature's always under your feet," agreed Chimp. "And it's as fat as butter. She's got some pretty little kittens, though," he added. "I say, what about taking one of them to Belinda? Think she'd like it?"

"That's an idea!" exclaimed Jacko.

"But what'll your Mater say?"

minute to watch the Monkeyville Sculling Club practising for their boat-race.

Unfortunately, his cheers as they went by so startled the kitten that it slipped out of his arms and darted up a tree.

And there it stayed, in spite of Jacko's efforts to induce it to come down.

"You're an obstinate wretch!" he cried angrily. "I suppose I'll have to come after you." And up he scrambled.

But the closer he got the farther the kitten backed away out of his reach, backed and backed till it was at the extreme end of a swaying branch that hung well out over the water.

Jacko, silly lad, still crept on. Suddenly there was a loud crack. The branch snapped. Jacko yelled—fell—and with a splash he was in!

Oh, hang it, I forgot that we can't shake hands on it. Free his hands, one of you, and be quick about it!"

"One minute," begged Mr Deedwinnick, shaking his head. "Before we shake hands on our bargain—"

"Splendid!" cried Vacca.

"There are two whom we have overlooked in our terms. The lad Jim, Mr Vacca? What about him?"

"We ship him back with the rest."

"But he's my apprentice."

"Well, apprentice him on the island," said Vacca, and laughed again.

"I see," said the Squire. "I see. And what about Bora Bora?"

"Your islander?"

"Yes," said the Squire, nodding. "He is on my hands still."

Vacca's boisterous laugh rang again. "Not he!" he replied. "You can lay Lutz has taken him off your hands, Squire. He's nothing but native trash, but the sharks'll enjoy him. No, take my word for it, you've no more need to worry your head about him!"

"You relieve me," drawled the Squire. "You relieve me immensely. For I give you my word that I had been in some concern for him."

Vacca jumped to his feet and pulled out his flask again.

"Ah, and now I've your word!" he exclaimed in exhilaration. "That's the doings, Squire! Here she goes," he cried out, and tossed back his head. "I drink to you free and hearty! And here's to the firm. Here's success to Jasper Deedwinnick and Vacca. Deedwinnick and Vacca! What d'ye think of it, Squire? What do you think of it?"

He ceased, and a curious stillness fell on the company. All eyes were turned on Mr Deedwinnick.

"Think of it!" uttered the Squire in a low voice. "Think of it!" His accents rose a note higher. "Think of it!" he said for the third time, vibrant with scorn. "I'd as lief lend my name to the meanest of pickpockets as lend it to a double-dyed rogue like yourself! Think of it, Newton Vacca! Here's what I think of it—that I'll stretch in my coffin first and give thanks for the chance."

"Steady!" snarled Vacca.

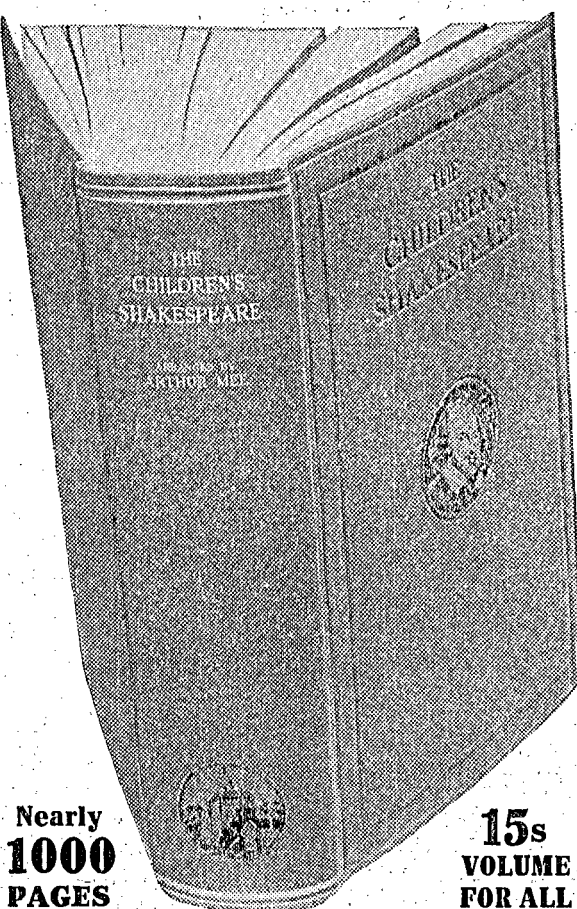
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THE CHILDREN'S  
SHAKESPEARE  
GIFT TOKEN

4

## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

February 25, 1933

Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My  
Magazine, will be delivered  
anywhere in the world for  
14s 6d a year (Canada 14s).

## THE BRAN TUB

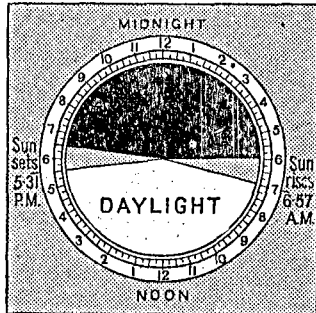
This is Automatic

A CERTAIN firm had a large number of automatic penny-in-the-slot machines on railway station platforms all over the country.

One month it was discovered that by an amazing coincidence the same number of pennies had been put in each of the machines, and the number of pennies in each machine was equal to the number of machines that the company owned.

If the total takings were £375 how many pennies were put into each machine? *Answer next week*

## Day and Night Chart



Daylight, twilight, and darkness on February 25. The daylight gets longer each day.

## Keeping Tadpoles

UNLESS the weather is very severe it is usually possible to find frog's eggs toward the end of February.

It is very interesting to keep some and watch the tadpoles develop. Many people, however, make the mistake of giving them watercress to eat. This is too tough, and the tadpoles will not grow properly on such fare. Their favourite foods are the tender, green, slimy plants known as algae which grow in ponds.

## Words That Rhyme

EACH couplet gives the clues to two words which are pronounced in a similar way, though they are spelled differently and have different meanings.

Love-potion sought from kindly witch.  
Makes clean the water from the ditch.

Husky, dry, and gruff of voice.  
A quadruped must be your choice.

This is certainly related.  
The knell was sounded: gloomy, fated.

*Answer next week*

## TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

Alec and Viola's mother were getting ready to go to London when she discovered that her gold brooch with the big pearl was missing. She knew she had worn it when she went to the village the evening before, and now it was nowhere to be found.

Alec and Viola helped to search for it all over the house, but they could not find it.

"I must have lost it last night," said Mummy sadly. "I could get Mrs Cook to put a notice about it in her shop window, but I haven't time to go to the shops because I must hurry off to catch my train."

"I'll go to Mrs Cook's for you!" cried Viola.

## Ici On Parle Français



Le jeu La loutre Le palmier

Ce jeu de cartes est au complet.  
La loutre se nourrit de poissons.  
Ce palmier se balance à la brise.

## The Right Answer

WHEN'S a king like a hat?  
Quickly now, answer that!  
Tis not hard, do not frown!  
When they both have a crown!

## Those Who Come and Those Who Go

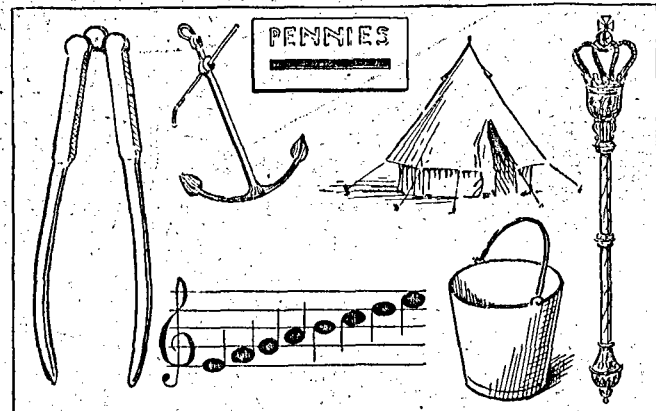
How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for 12 towns. The four weeks up to January 28, 1933, are compared with the corresponding weeks last year.

TOWN	BIRTHS 1933	DEATHS 1933	BIRTHS 1932	DEATHS 1932
London	4995	5330	7013	5601
Glasgow	1661	1957	1554	1213
Birmingham	1283	1270	1581	1200
Belfast	683	768	769	529
Edinburgh	520	540	665	521
Bristol	458	493	653	411
Cardiff	286	262	354	243
Plymouth	280	284	264	270
Birkenhead	198	208	270	162
Ipswich	111	86	87	94
Carlisle	83	91	111	78
Canterbury	26	30	29	24

## The Prolific Banana

THE banana is probably the most prolific of food plants. The tree grows in the wet forest regions of the Tropics, and supplies food all the year. A single cluster may weigh as much as 80 pounds and have 150 fruits. New suckers of bananas begin to produce fruit in a few months. A banana plantation will yield 242,000 pounds an acre.

## A Double Acrostic in Pictures



FIND the names of the objects shown here and write them one under another so that the word spelled by the initials is something brought to your house by the initials.

*Answer next week*

It is interesting to compare this with the 4000 pounds an acre produced by the potato. Still stranger is the fact that wheat will only produce 2000 pounds an acre.

## Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planet Venus is in the East. In the evening Uranus is in the South-West, Mars and Jupiter are in the South-East. Neptune is also in the South-East but invisible to the naked eye. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 8 p.m. on Wednesday, March 1.

## A Charade

MY first refers not to the past, Though now it will appear; And for my next I pray you fix Your kind attention here. To view my whole you'd hardly try, Since nowhere will it meet your eye.

*Answer next week*

## LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

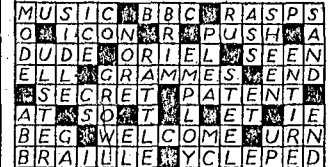
The Bookseller  
Nine sets of 25 volumes require 225 volumes. The other 25 must therefore be the extra five volumes in five sets of Dickens. The other four sets are Scott.

## A Charade - Shoe-string.

Transposed Letters  
Finger, fringe, ring, grin.

What Bird Is This? Bittern.

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle



## Dr MERRYMAN

He Had a Second

WHEN Johnny refused a second helping of cake his hostess urged him to try some more.

"Mummy told me to say, 'No, thank you,'" he replied innocently, "but I'm sure she did not know how small the first helping was going to be."

## Figuratively Speaking

MR RAPID RISE was consulting the builder about the decoration of his new mansion.

"Now we come to the study," he said. "The colour scheme must be brown: great thinkers are so often found in brown studies, you know."

## Pancake Day



THERE once was a pancake tossed up from a pan, A very nice pancake both greasy and flat. And where was it going? Well, guess if you can— But I fancy the pancake looked best as a hat.

## Change Here

FARMER GILES was not used to railway travelling. He asked for a ticket to Puddlecombe and tendered a ten-shilling note.

"Change at Slocombe," said the booking-office clerk as he handed over the ticket.

"Oh, no, young man," he protested, "I'll have my change before I leave this window."

## Hard Up

THEY were discussing the training of children.

"Few people today seem to realise the importance of the formation of early habits," said the family man.

"I'm quite sure I do," replied the gay bachelor. "When I was a baby my mother paid a girl to push my pram, and I've been pushed for money ever since."

## VIOLA FINDS THE BROOCH

"No, darling, it's too far for you to go," said Mummy. "Let me!" shouted Alec. "I could go on my scooter."



Something fell on the floor

"Well, if you'll be very careful, Alec, I think you might go," said their mother. "Oh, dear, I do hope my brooch isn't really lost! I've just time to write out the

notice, so if you will take it, Alec, you will be doing something really useful."

"I want to do something really useful," pouted Viola. "Can't I be useful too, Mummy?"

Her mother thought for a minute.

"Well, if you'll tidy the drawer in my dressing-table while I'm away that would be making yourself very useful," she told her.

"But that's not useful like looking for your brooch," said Viola. "I wish I had a scooter like Alec's."

"Well, when you're as big as Alec you shall," said Mummy, kissing her good-bye.

After Mummy had gone and Alec had set off for the village Viola decided she would make

Mummy's drawer tidy after all—even if it wasn't as exciting as going to Mrs Cook's. She put all the handkerchiefs and gloves in piles and folded up the scarves neatly. As she was shaking out a pretty green scarf something fell on to the floor, and when she looked down there was Mummy's brooch!

Viola danced with delight. Mummy must have had it pinned in her scarf, and it had stayed caught in it when she put it away.

"Mrs Cook hasn't got it!" panted Alec, coming in quite breathless and rosy from his scooter run.

"But I have!" shouted Viola in glee. "Look! It was in Mummy's green scarf!"



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